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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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## DANGER!

A Remarkable Story  
of England at War

by

A. CONAN DOYLE



GRANTLAND RICE

Famous Sporting Writer and Authority, says:

"Whenever I go hunting or fishing I slip a curved tin of Tuxedo Tobacco in my hip-pocket and I always keep a supply at home. Ample proof that I like Tuxedo."

*Grantland Rice*



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The World-famous Violinist, says:

"Tuxedo is a fine, mild, fragrant smoke—the best ever. The more experience one has had, the more convincing is the superiority of Tuxedo. It is the only tobacco free from bite that I have ever found, and it leads all others in fragrance and flavor—a rare combination."

*E. Ysaye*



PENRHYN STANLAWS

Celebrated Artist, creator of the famous "Stanlaws Girls," says:

"Some artists draw better than others, but no artist draws better than a good pipe filled with Tuxedo."

*Penrhyn Stanlaws*

## "Joy, Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose—"

and if Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were alive to-day he would include under the head of Joy and Repose the day-by-day use of Tuxedo in a pipe.

Tuxedo assures real repose: the calm, wrinkle-smoothing, mind-easing repose that comes with a wholesome, helpful pipe of satisfactory tobacco.

Tuxedo is the satisfactory tobacco—in a class by itself for mildness, fragrance and non-irritating qualities.

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Tuxedo tobacco has made thousands of men joyful, temperate and comfortable converts to the pipe, because it has made pipe-smoking not only possible but pleasant to them.

Under the famous "Tuxedo Process" the mild, tender leaves of the highest grade Burley tobacco are so skillfully treated that Tuxedo absolutely cannot bite, parch or irritate the tongue or mouth in any way. Tuxedo burns slowly and coolly, with a delicious aroma.

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Convenient pouch, innerlined with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

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Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

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"The man on the lecture platform need not be lonesome if he smokes Tuxedo. A good pipe and book will convert a hotel bedroom into a home if the tobacco is Tuxedo."

*D. N. Travis*



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"In the heat of many a political campaign, in success and in defeat, Tuxedo has been my faithful ally. It teaches me that while all men may be created equal, all tobaccos are not. There is none like Tuxedo."

*Allan H. Frazer*



GEO. W. GALVIN, M. D.

Founder of Boston Emergency Hospital and its Surgeon-in-Chief for 18 years, says:

"Nothing like Tuxedo as a pal on a hunting or fishing trip. It's a great all-around outdoors smoke; gives a man that old joy-of-living feeling."

*Geo. W. Galvin M.D.*



# The Finished Six

*Here we've fulfilled—after four years of effort—all that we hoped for in Sixes. In big things and little—down to the last detail—it completely meets our conception of the ideal Six*

This HUDSON Six-40 was begun four years ago. Howard E. Coffin, the great HUDSON designer, aimed to make it the perfect Six. All the 48 HUDSON engineers have given their best to it.

It came out last year. The first month's output was sold before men saw it. The season's output was 3,000 cars oversold.

We knew then that we had what men wanted. So all last year we worked on final touches. We added 31 refinements. And we trebled our output for this year, to cope with the car's popularity.

## Size and Power

This size—123-inch wheelbase—seems exactly right. There are seats and ample room for seven.

The motor shows 47 horsepower. No requirement calls for more than that in a car of this size and weight.

Costly experience is leading motorists away from excesses in these things.

## Lightness—Economy

The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. Built in old ways, a car like

this weighed around 4,000. Better materials and better designing have accomplished all this saving. And the car is stancher than the old-time heavy cars.

This lightness, plus a new-type motor, have reduced operative cost about 30 per cent. To many, that's the best thing we have done.

## Beauty and Comfort

Here also is the modern ideal of a handsome car. Every detail shows the artists' touch. Wide seats, high backs, deep cushions. All the new-day conveniences. All the common equipment and much that's rare or exclusive.

Last year's model seemed to offer every possible attraction, but 31 new ones are added in this 1915 model.

# HUDSON

Six-40

**\$1,550** This Year  
f.o.b. Detroit

## The Hoped-for Price

And this year—through trebled output—we've reached the hoped-for price. At \$1,550 we are giving the best we know.

Today that price buys the finest type HUDSON ever built. It buys Howard E. Coffin's latest masterpiece. It buys what you will consider as the finest example of the modern type quality car.

## Men Will Never Go Back

Note that new-model cars, so far as they can, are adopting these HUDSON standards. Light Sixes are the vogue. The trend is toward modesty in size, toward lower prices and the ending of over-tax.

The HUDSON Six-40 accords with all the time's tendencies. It is not unique. It is simply in advance of others.

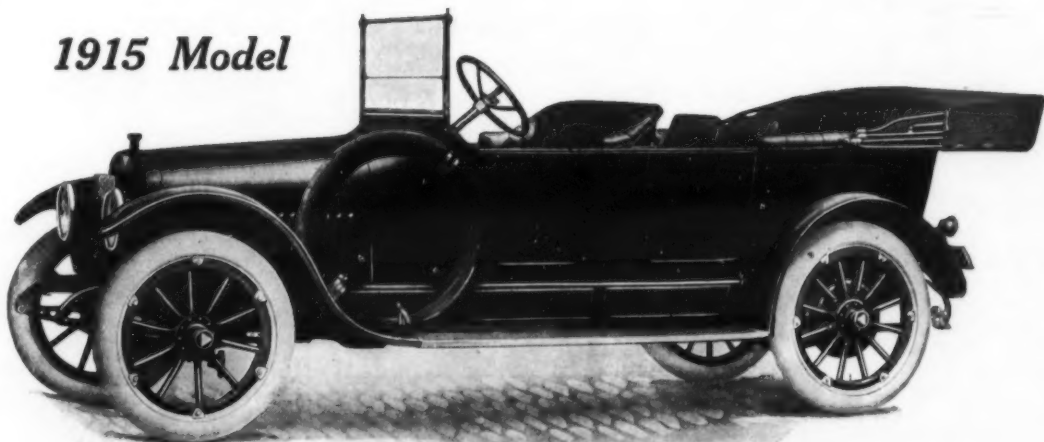
And men will never go back to the old-time excesses. This type is the coming car.

**Hudson dealers are everywhere. So see this year's new features. Catalog on request.**

## Attractions

- A perfect streamline body.
- Seats and room for seven.
- Disappearing tonneau seats.
- Invisible hinges.
- Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
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- Wires in metal conduits.
- Locked ignition and lights.
- New-form speedometer drive.
- Automatic spark advance.
- New-method carburetion.
- Horn button in wheel.
- Trunk rack on back.

## 1915 Model



Phaeton—or Standard Roadster—\$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8122 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**



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To enable them to know what is correct, we publish the Style Book. It contains an epitome of the styles of clothes, hats, shoes; in fact, everything for the season.

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- How you can be fitted.
- Where you can buy our clothes.

Send your name now. A copy of the Style Book will be mailed to you shortly after September 1st.

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Chicago

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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## Danger!

Being the Log of Captain John Sirius

By Sir A. Conan Doyle—Part I

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



IT IS an amazing thing that the English, who have the reputation of being a practical nation, never saw the danger to which they were exposed. For many years they had been spending nearly a hundred millions a year upon their army and their fleet. Squadrons of dreadnoughts costing

two millions each had been launched. They had spent enormous sums upon cruisers, and both their torpedo and their submarine squadrons were exceptionally strong. They were also by no means weak in their aerial power, especially in the matter of hydroplanes. Besides all this, their army was very efficient in spite of its limited numbers, and it was the most expensive in Europe. Yet when the day of trial came, all this imposing force was of no use whatever, and might as well have not existed. Their ruin could not have been more complete or more rapid if they had not possessed an ironclad or a regiment. And all this was accomplished by me, Captain John Sirius, belonging to the navy of one of the smallest powers in Europe, and having under my command a flotilla of eight vessels, the collective cost of which was eighteen hundred thousand pounds. No one has a better right to tell the story than I.

I will not trouble you about the dispute concerning the Colonial frontier, embittered, as it was, by the subsequent death of the two missionaries. A naval officer has nothing to do with politics. I only came upon the scene after the ultimatum had been actually received. Admiral Horli had been summoned to the Presence, and he asked that I should be allowed to accompany him, because he happened to know that I had some clear ideas as to the weak points of England and also some schemes as to how to take advantage of them. There were only four of us present at this meeting—the King, the Foreign Secretary, Admiral Horli, and myself. The time allowed by the ultimatum expired in forty-eight hours.

I am not breaking any confidence when I say that both the King and the Minister were in favor of a surrender. They saw no possibility of standing up against the colossal power of Great Britain. The Minister had drawn up an acceptance of the British terms, and the King sat with it before him on the table. I saw the tears of anger and humiliation run down his cheeks as he looked at it.

"I fear that there is no possible alternative, Sir," said the Minister. "Our envoy in London has just sent this report, which shows that the public and the press are more united than he has ever known them. The feeling is intense, especially since the rash act of Malort in desecrating the flag. We must give way."

THE King looked sadly at Admiral Horli.

"What is your effective fleet, Admiral?" he asked.

"Two battleships, four cruisers, twenty torpedo boats, and eight submarines," said the Admiral.

The King shook his head.

THIS remarkable story was finished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle last May just before his visit to America. He wrote it as a last anxious warning to England before she embarked upon another war. And the war has come sooner than even he had feared

"It would be madness to resist," said he.

"And yet, Sir," said the Admiral.

"before you come to a decision I

should wish you to hear Captain Sirius, who has a very definite plan of campaign against the English."

"Absurd!" said the King, impatiently. "What is the use? Do you imagine that you could defeat their vast armada?"

"Sir," I answered, "I will stake my life that if you will follow my advice you will, within a month or six weeks at the utmost, bring proud England to her knees." There was an assurance in my voice which arrested the attention of the King.

"You seem self-confident, Captain Sirius."

"I have no doubt at all, Sir."

"What then would you advise?"

"I would advise, Sir, that the whole fleet be gathered under the forts of Blankenberg and be protected from attack by booms and piles. There they can stay till the war is over. The eight submarines, however, you will leave in my charge to use as I think fit."

"Ah, you would attack the English battleships with submarines?"

"Sir, I would never go near an English battleship."

"And why not?"

"Because they might injure me, Sir."

"What, a sailor and afraid?"

"My life belongs to the country, Sir. It is nothing. But these eight ships—everything depends upon them. I could not risk them. Nothing would induce me to fight."

"Then what will you do?"

"I will tell you, Sir."

And I did so. For half an hour I spoke. I was clear and strong and definite, for many an hour on a lonely watch I had spent in thinking out every detail. I held them enthralled. The King never took his eyes from my face. The Minister sat as if turned to stone.

"Are you sure of all this?"

"Perfectly, Sir."

The King rose from the table.

"Send no answer to the ultimatum," said he. "Announce in both Houses that we stand firm in the face of menace. Admiral Horli, you will in all respects carry out that which Captain Sirius may demand in furtherance of his plan. Captain Sirius, the field is clear. Go forth and do as you have said. A grateful King will know how to reward you."

I need not trouble you by telling you the measures which were taken at Blankenberg, since, as you are aware, the fortress and the entire fleet were destroyed by the British within a week of the declaration of war. I will confine myself to my own plans, which had so glorious and final a result.

THE fame of my eight submarines, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Theta, Delta, Epsilon, Iota, and Kappa, has spread through the world to such an extent that people



Heavens, what a smash! The whole stern seemed to go aloft. I drew off and watched her sink. She went down in seven minutes, leaving her masts and funnels over the water and a cluster of her people holding on to them



have begun to think that there was something peculiar in their form and capabilities. This is not so. Four of them, the *Delta*, *Epsilon*, *Iota*, and *Kappa*, were, it is true, of the very latest model, but had their equals (though not their superiors) in the navies of all the great powers. As to *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, and *Theta*, they were by no means modern vessels, and found their prototypes in the old F class of British boats, having a submerged displacement of eight hundred tons, with heavy oil engines of sixteen hundred horsepower, giving them a speed of eighteen knots on the surface and of twelve knots submerged. Their length was one hundred and eighty-six and their breadth twenty-four feet. They had a radius of action of four thousand miles and a submerged endurance of nine hours. These were considered the latest word in 1915, but the four new boats exceeded them in all respects. Without troubling you with precise figures, I may say that they represented roughly a 25 per cent advance upon the older boats, and were fitted with several auxiliary engines which were wanting in the others. At my suggestion, instead of carrying eight of the very large Bakdorf torpedoes, which are nineteen feet long, weigh half a ton, and are charged with two hundred pounds of wet gun cotton, we had tubes designed for eighteen of less than half the size. It was my design to make myself independent of my base.

And yet it was clear that I must have a base, so I made arrangements at once with that object. Blankenberg was the last place I would have chosen. Why should I have a port of any kind? Ports would be watched or occupied. Any place would do for me. I finally chose a small villa standing alone nearly five miles from any village and thirty miles from any port. To this I ordered them to convey, secretly by night, oil, spare parts, extra torpedoes, storage batteries, reserve periscopes, and everything that I could need for refitting. The little whitewashed villa of a retired confectioner—that was the base from which I operated against England.

THE boats lay at Blankenberg, and thither I went. They were working frantically at the defenses, and they had only to look seaward to be spurred to fresh exertions. The British fleet was assembling. The ultimatum had not yet expired, but it was evident that a blow would be struck the instant that it did. Four of their aeroplanes, circling at an immense height, were surveying our defenses. From the top of the lighthouse I counted thirty battleships and cruisers in the offing, with a number of the trawlers with which in the British service they break through the mine fields. The approaches were actually sown with two hundred mines, half contact and half observation, but the result showed that they were insufficient to hold off the enemy, since three days later both town and fleet were speedily destroyed.

However, I am not here to tell you the incidents of the war, but to explain my own part in it, which had such a decisive effect upon the result. My first action was to send my four second-class boats away instantly to the point which I had chosen for my base. There they were to wait submerged, lying with negative buoyancy upon the sands in twenty feet of water, and rising only at night. My strict orders were that they were to attempt nothing upon the enemy, however tempting the opportunity. All they had to do was to remain intact and unseen until they received further orders. Having made this clear to Commander Panza, who had charge of this reserve flotilla, I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell, leaving with him a sheet of note paper upon which I had explained the tactics to be used and given him certain general principles which he could apply as circumstances demanded.

My whole attention was now given to my own flotilla, which I divided into two divisions, keeping *Iota* and *Kappa* under my own command, while Captain Miriam had *Delta* and *Epsilon*. He was to operate separately in the British Channel, while my station was the Straits of Dover. I made the whole plan of campaign clear to him. Then I saw that each ship was provided with all

it could carry. Each had forty tons of heavy oil for surface propulsion and charging the dynamo which supplied the electric engines under water. Each had also eighteen torpedoes, as explained, and five hundred rounds for the collapsible quick-firing twelve-pounder which we carried on deck, and which, of course, disappeared into a water-tight tank when we were submerged. We carried spare periscopes and a wireless mast, which could be elevated above the conning tower when necessary. There were provisions for sixteen days for the ten men who manned each craft. Such was the equipment of the four boats which were destined to bring to naught all the navies and armies of Britain. At sundown that day—it was April 10—we set forth upon our historic voyage.

Miriam had got away in the afternoon, since he had so much farther to go to reach his station. Stephan of the *Kappa* started with me; but, of course, we realized that we must work independently, and that from that moment when we shut the sliding hatches of our

tanks and our whaleback came over the surface. All night we were steering southwest, making an average of eighteen knots. At about five in the morning, as I stood alone upon my tiny bridge, I saw, low down in the west, the scattered lights of the Norfolk coast. "Ah, Johnny, Johnny Bull," I said, as I looked at them, "you are going to have your lesson, and I am to be your master. It is I who have been chosen to teach you that one cannot live under artificial conditions and yet act as if they were natural ones. More foresight, Johnny, and less party politics—that is my lesson to you." And then I had a wave of pity, too, when I thought of those vast droves of helpless people, Yorkshire miners, Lancashire spinners, Birmingham metal workers, the dockers and workers of London, over whose little homes I would bring the shadow of starvation. I seemed to see all those wasted, eager hands held out for food and I, John Sirius, dashing it aside. Ah, well! war is war, and if one is foolish one must pay the price. Just before daybreak I

saw the lights of a considerable town, which must have been Yarmouth, bearing about ten miles west-southwest on our starboard bow. I took her farther out, for it is a sandy, dangerous coast, with many shoals. At 5.30 we were abreast of the Lowestoft lightship. A coast guard was sending up flash signals which faded into a pale twinkle as the white dawn crept over the water. There was a good deal of shipping about, mostly fishing boats and small coasting craft, with one large steamer hull down to the west, and a torpedo destroyer between us and the land. It could not harm us, and yet I thought it as well that there should be no word of our presence, so I filled my tanks again and went down to ten feet. I was pleased to find that we got under in one hundred and fifty seconds. The life of one's boat may depend upon this when



*And suddenly, as one of the boats lay off waiting for the others, they caught a glimpse for the first time of my conning tower so close to them. I saw them shouting and pointing*

conning towers on the still waters of Blankenberg Harbor it was unlikely that we should ever see each other again, though consorts in the same waters. I waved to Stephan from the side of my conning tower, and he to me. Then I called through the tube to my engineer (our water tanks were already filled and all Kingstons and vents closed) to put her full speed ahead.

Just as we came abreast of the end of the pier and saw the white-capped waves rolling in upon us, I put the horizontal rudder hard down and she slid under water. Through my glass portholes I saw its light green change to a dark blue, while the manometer in front of me indicated twenty feet. I let her go to forty, because I should then be under the warships of the English, though I took the chance of fouling the moorings of our own floating contact mines. Then I brought her on an even keel, and it was music to my ear to hear the gentle, even ticking of my electric engines and to know that I was speeding at twelve miles an hour on my great task.

AT THAT moment, as I stood controlling my levers in my tower, I could have seen, had my cupola been of glass, the vast shadows of the British blockaders hovering above me. I held my course due westward for ninety minutes, and then, by shutting off the electric engine without blowing out the water tanks, I brought her to the surface. There was a rolling sea and the wind was freshening, so I did not think it safe to keep my hatch open long, for so small is the margin of buoyancy that one must run no risks. But from the crests of the rollers I had a look backward at Blankenberg, and saw the black funnels and upper works of the enemy's fleet with the lighthouse and the castle behind them, all flushed with the pink glow of the setting sun. Even as I looked there was the boom of a great gun, and then another. I glanced at my watch. It was six o'clock. The time of the ultimatum had expired. We were at war.

There was no craft near us, and our surface speed is nearly twice that of our submerged, so I blew out the

a swift craft comes suddenly upon you.

We were now within a few hours of our cruising ground, so I determined to snatch a rest, leaving Vornal in charge. When he woke me at ten o'clock we were running on the surface, and had reached the Essex coast off the Maplin Sands. With that charming frankness which is one of their characteristics, our friends of England had informed us by their press that they had put a cordon of torpedo boats across the Straits of Dover to prevent the passage of submarines, which is about as sensible as to lay a wooden plank across a stream to keep the eels from passing. I knew that Stephan, whose station lay at the western end of the Solent, would have no difficulty in reaching it. My own cruising ground was to be the mouth of the Thames, and here I was at the very spot with my tiny *Iota*, my eighteen torpedoes, my quick-firing gun, and, above all, a brain that knew what should be done and how to do it.

WHEN I resumed my place in the conning tower I saw in the periscope (for we had dived) that a lightship was within a few hundred yards of us upon the port bow. Two men were sitting on her bulwarks, but neither of them cast an eye upon the little rod that clove the water so close to them. It was an ideal day for submarine action, with enough ripple upon the surface to make us difficult to detect, and yet smooth enough to give me a clear view. Each of my three periscopes had an angle of sixty degrees, so that between them I commanded a complete semicircle of the horizon. Two British cruisers were steaming north from the Thames within half a mile of me. I could easily have cut them off and attacked them had I allowed myself to be diverted from my great plan. Farther south a destroyer was passing westward to Sheerness. A dozen small steamers were moving about. None of these were worthy of my notice. Great countries are not provisioned by small steamers. I kept the engines running at the lowest pace which would hold our position under water, and, moving slowly across the estuary, I waited for what must assuredly come. I had not long to wait.

Shortly after one o'clock I perceived in the periscope a cloud of smoke to the south. (Continued on page 32)



THE proprietor of two hundred grocery stores, Patrick O'Toole, indicated a chair on the opposite side of his flat-topped desk.

"I'm president of a little cooperative society," announced the visitor, sitting. "Just a bunch of us railroad men, you know. We want to reduce the cost of living and we're thinking of opening a store. I thought you might be willing to give us some practical advice. So many cooperative stores have failed, you know, and—er—"

"You would like to know how to make a go of it, is that it?" asked the merchant. His visitor nodded.

"Here is the secret in a nutshell," said Mr. O'Toole. "Scrape up a hundred thousand dollars, hire the ablest manager you can find, and bid him go to it!"

"But we only want a small store!" exclaimed the railroad man. "Just a little place to take care of our own trade. Really, I think two or three thousand dollars ought to—"

"Sure, I know," interrupted Mr. O'Toole, "and you're doomed to fail before you start. First, you don't know the game. Could I run a railroad? I could not. Neither can you run a grocery store, and make it pay, mind. Not until you learn the business anyway. And before you learn it, you'll fail. But supposin' you knew the game—and you'd not be chasin' the cooperative rainbow if you did—how far would you get on two or three thousand dollars?"

"We only want a little store," persisted the younger man.

"You'll find them in every corner basement in the suburbs! If it wasn't for the little basement stores, the wholesale grocers would be out of business long ago. I don't patronize the wholesaler. I buy direct from the packer if it's canned goods, direct from the mill if it's flour, and so on. I buy just as low as the wholesaler can. I am my own wholesaler; put it that way. My two hundred stores sell as many goods as the average wholesale house. Sometimes I put the extra profit in my pocket, and sometimes I cut prices with it to drive out competition. That's what I would do to cooperation if it ever got going on a big scale. But it never will. There's too much pulling and hauling. You have one hundred members and as many bosses.

"When you fellows open up a little store on two or three thousand dollars capital, you don't hurt me at all. I can sell many things cheaper than you can buy them. Your members compare prices, and soon they are back trading with O'Toole."

"But you overlook the fact that our cooperators will pledge themselves to trade at their own store, Mr. O'Toole. That's one of the reasons why I think we can succeed on small capital."

"Touch a man's pocketbook," said Mr. O'Toole, "and he'll mighty soon forget his pledges. That's the rock that splits cooperative storekeeping every time. But I see you're not convinced. Well, go ahead and take a crack at it. You'll soon discover that even a cooperative store must pay rent; it must pay for lights, paper, and clerk hire. That's where even the little basement stores will beat you out—clerk hire; because the small storekeeper usually works himself. If he makes a week's pay, he counts himself lucky. That's his profit. But where will your profit come in with hired labor? Your intentions are good, my boy, but you haven't the equipment to reduce the cost of living. The chain-stores system is the last word in low prices, take my word for it."

The young railroad clerk went back to his desk, convinced that Mr. O'Toole's viewpoint was wrong. Like the majority of men, the railroad clerk had sought expert advice and then rejected it because it did not jibe with his preconceived opinions. He recruited 700 cooperators, who subscribed \$5 each to open a grocery store. In due course the store began business. Fourteen months later a receiver closed its doors. Another cooperative store had failed to meet the test of competition.

#### The Man Who Made Cooperation Pay

THE foregoing is merely one typical case out of several hundred cooperative ventures in the United States. For a good number of years past cooperation has been regarded by the country at large either as a doubtful experiment or a new sort of charity.

The retail grocer has held up cooperative storekeeping as a joke, a huge joke on the consumer because it proved him to be a poor business man.

Albeit, the cooperative crusade has persisted in spite of failures, and now a change is impending. Cooperative storekeeping, in New England at least, has taken on a new lease of life. A system that has proved suc-

# Cooperation on a Business Basis

By Frank Chase

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

successful in England and other European countries has been adapted to American conditions. No longer may those who have levied an annual tax of \$7,000,000,000

fault and remedy it looked like a task that would require all of a man's time. So I threw up my traveling job and set to work with the idea of establishing cooperation on a business basis. I am still at it."

Mr. Purlington has the type of mind that digs to rock bottom once it tackles a subject. He explores all the little bypaths that lead from the main road and neatly charts them for future reference. In computing freight costs on canned goods, for example, he set apart a column for the water in the cans. Result: 40 per cent of freight cost was for solids, balance water!

What does it cost every time your grocery boy delivers an order? The minimum cost of delivery is 5½ cents, according to Mr. Purlington; it may run up as high as 15 cents in stores that are not well managed. Two deliveries a day at the latter rate means \$100 a year as against \$36 for the same service from a well-managed store.

#### A Basis for the New Scheme

TO APPLY some of his theories and at the same time to conduct his search for waste at closer range, Mr. Purlington accepted the managership of a little cooperative store that was about ready to give up the ghost. He knew nothing about the practical end of the grocery business, but one could learn. Soon he was confronted by this problem: How could Mr. O'Toole advertise — Bros. Extra Peas for 19 cents the can when the little cooperative store was paying \$2.25 a dozen for the same brand? Mr. Purlington went to Mr. O'Toole and asked him. The master of two hundred stores replied with commendable candor that he bought — Bros. Extra Peas in carload lots for \$1.62 a dozen cans! Mr. O'Toole was a little vainglorious. In substance he talked much as he had to the railroad clerk: A small cooperative store could not compete with Patrick O'Toole, who owned two hundred stores and bought in tremendous quantities. Besides, Mr. O'Toole was selling foodstuffs at rock bottom; nobody could sell lower; so what was the use of a cooperative store anyway?

Mr. Purlington thanked the merchant and went back to his desk. Unlike the railroad clerk, however, he accepted Mr. O'Toole's advice as sound—so far as it went. Mr. Purlington went further: If a chain of stores could earn \$1,000,000 a year for Patrick O'Toole, why could not a chain of cooperative stores—granting they were run as efficiently as Mr. O'Toole ran his. It could be done, but, first, cooperation must be put on a business basis. Mr. Purlington had confirmed his theories, but he had still to build up an organization before he could try out the plan.

Only a true cooperator could have preserved faith and optimism through the discouraging year that followed. It was not hard to find men interested in cooperation, but Mr. Purlington presented new ideas. He held firm for them, and new ideas on any subject must undergo varying stages of ridicule before they are accepted.

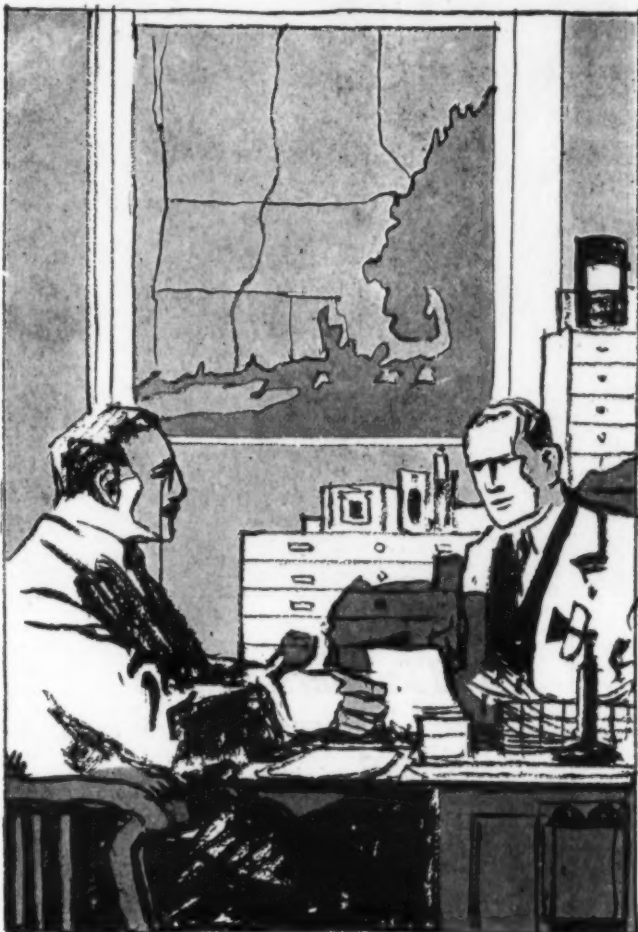
After fifteen months of effort conditions seemed favorable for launching a chain of cooperative stores. An article published in COLLIER'S had advocated much the same idea; further, the article had brought to the front prominent local men who were interested in cooperation. And prominent men, practical men, moneyed men were necessary, as will be seen.

#### Getting the Chain Started

THOSE known to be interested were invited to attend a meeting where the chain-of-cooperative-stores plan was explained in detail. A series of conferences followed, some extending from mid-afternoon until early next morning. This is a fair example of the enthusiasm that is backing cooperative storekeeping in New England to-day.

The conferences served to fuse a number of conflicting opinions into one dominating idea: to establish cooperation on a business basis. The subject was fully summed up by Mr. Purlington at a dinner—a round-up party—in about the following words:

"Cooperative storekeeping in New England has failed because of inability, through lack of capital, to buy in large quantities and engage expert management. To buy in large quantities requires a large capital and a large volume of business; a small cooperative store has neither. Efficient managers are attracted by the rewards of big business, which means private business run for gain. To succeed in this country, cooperative business requires some such strong central organiza-



"Our cooperators will pledge themselves, Mr. O'Toole. . . ." "Touch a man's pocketbook," said Mr. O'Toole, "and he'll mighty soon forget his pledges"

for distributing the products of the soil of this country collect their toll without a challenge.

A good share of credit for the new order belongs to a young man who was graduated from Bowdoin College, State of Maine, about ten years ago. Mr. Purlington offers this modest explanation of how he became identified with the cooperative movement:

"I traveled for a publishing house for a number of years, and wherever I stopped long enough to get acquainted, I observed that people were talking more and more about the high cost of living. Just to keep up with the procession I began to look into the subject. By degrees I became convinced that the high cost of living could be explained in one word: Waste! Low scale of production, ignorance of markets, unnecessary handling, lack of storage facilities for both producer and consumer, delivery of small parcels—these are just a few of the items that go to make up a staggering total waste under our present system.

"Our friends the Socialists have claimed that triumph of their party at the polls would reduce the cost of living along with many other needed reforms. But it was not clear to me how farmers could be compelled by legislation to grow more corn to the acre, for example, or how Mrs. Jones could be prevented from buying her potatoes by the peck, or how Mrs. Smith could be dissuaded from requesting a ten-cent delivery service on two pounds of sugar on which the grocer's mark-up would be about two cents.

"It seemed to me that these wrong conditions could be corrected by cooperation. But although cooperative societies had accomplished wonders abroad, in this country they had failed very much oftener than they had succeeded. Apparently something was wrong with the way the principle of cooperation had been applied to American conditions. To search out the



tion as the English wholesale societies. The plan has been proposed often enough, but it has never got beyond the talking stage, principally for lack of capital.

"Struggling for existence themselves, the small societies which have most needed a central organization have never seen their way to raising the two or three hundred thousand dollars necessary to finance the project. One of the reasons why the English societies have accumulated this fund where we have not is the fact that the English cooperator pays an annual fee for membership, whereas the American cooperator usually pays one fee for a corporate share, and never contributes afterward.

"At \$10 each it would require contributions from 20,000 cooperators to supply the capital necessary for a strong central or wholesale society. In the face of past failures it would be next to impossible to round up that number of consumers each willing to contribute \$10. Therefore, a cooperative wholesale company must be financed, at the start at least, by contributions from men of means who have the welfare of cooperation at heart and the vision to see what it needs."

#### Enabling Cooperative Stores to Compete

**F**OLLOWING the above plea and a resultant discussion, something less than thirty public-spirited citizens of Boston and vicinity subscribed \$100,000 for the purpose of placing cooperative business on an equal footing with business run for private gain. These men do not feel that they have endowed a monument to endure after them like a library, or founded a beneficent charity like a hospital, or indulged a patriotic whim like building a cup defender; they are practical business men, and, while wishing to do some good in the world, they look at things from a business point of view. Briefly, this is their position: "Here are fifty cooperative stores in New England. Only three or four of them are financially successful. We will finance a strong cooperative wholesale company which these struggling societies need. We will have one management, the best obtainable, and one buying organization for all cooperative stores who care to join. Then cooperative storekeeping can compete, and when it can compete it will succeed, and when it succeeds we can get our money back—if we want it back."

The New England Cooperative Society was incorporated under Massachusetts laws in 1913. The men who financed it took preferred stock, and—here is proof of their altruism—they have no vote. Control of the central society is vested in the subsidiary societies that have joined, now numbering thirteen, and in a board of nine directors. Each society and each director has one vote; but as the subsidiary societies outnumber the directors the balance of power lies with the beneficiaries of the system rather than with those who administer it. Each subsidiary society has a standard set of by-laws, coordinating with the by-laws of the central society.

The New England Cooperative Society gets in touch with the consumer by three avenues: By taking over cooperative stores already established, by purchasing stores privately owned and converting them into cooperative stores, and by establishing stores in favorable locations. Where a society is already organized it must adopt new by-laws and name a representative to attend meetings of the central organization. Where a privately owned store is purchased or where a new store is established, a cooperative society is recruited from among the store's customers. It is the latter feature which appeals to that large class of Americans who would like the benefits of cooperation, but demand to be shown first.

#### Lessons from Foreign Experience

**I**N ENGLAND and Continental Europe cooperation is an institution. There also the people have more faith in institutions. Consequently they join a cooperative society and patiently wait for its benefits. On this side of the Atlantic cooperation has been more of an experiment. For reasons already stated, it has failed to meet competition. Therefore your average American buys where prices are lowest and lets the other fellow experiment with cooperation. But exhibit a first-class store that is doing business and meeting competition, and the American proletarian will embrace an opportunity to become a part owner of that store. He will invest in imaginary gold mines, in patent medicines, and even in religion on faith; but when it comes to a cooperative store he wants to see the goods.

It is by making allowances for the American point of view and building an organization to meet it that Mr. Purington has adapted the Rochdale system to New England conditions. Economists may contend that the plan does not make for democratic cooperation, their theory being that a group of consumers ought to associate to buy a chest of tea, we will say, like the pioneers of cooperation; that with the profits of the tea the group of consumers would buy other necessities until at length they owned a small cooperative store; that other groups of consumers in other

communities proceed along similar lines: then there would be a number of small cooperatives stores, and when these little stores had each accumulated a surplus they would get together and finance a wholesale society—briefly, that cooperation must start small and grow up as it has done in England.

The foregoing theory is generally held, and it has persisted in spite of the fact that most of the failures in this country have started that same way—and never grown up. In England the cooperative move-

had not met with success. For the most part, producers seemed to expect us to pay them as much as we would pay the wholesalers—and express charges besides. We tried this for a time, hoping to effect a compromise; but instead of meeting us halfway the producers, as soon as they discovered that we could not handle their entire output, went back to the commission houses. Apparently they preferred to accept lower prices for the sake of an assured market. Inability to buy in large quantities prevented us from selling goods any lower, and unless we could sell lower there seemed to be slight prospect of building up our membership to the numbers necessary to consume a larger output. Our attempts to unite with other cooperative stores on the buying end had failed also. There were a number of reasons for this: perhaps one store sold one brand of canned goods and each of the other stores some other brand. One manager favored New York rumps, while another would handle nothing but Boston hips. One leaned to package goods; another to buying sugar by the barrel and weighing it out as sold. Worst of all, provided we did establish a buying agency, each manager thought he ought to be made the buyer; and each society wanted just a little more to say about things than any other society.

"Starting out with the best of intentions, we found after a year's hard work that we had merely added one more small retail store to a class already too numerous. Instead of reducing the cost of living, we had really increased the consumers' burden by unprofitable competition. We had about decided to give up labors that were bringing so little in return when the New England Cooperative Society came forward with a practical plan for removing cooperation from the list of charities and establishing it on a firm business basis. The directors voted unanimously to place our little store in charge of the central society, believing that it had the equipment to succeed where we had failed.

"Our expectations have been more than fulfilled. The central society is now buying goods on an average of 10 per cent lower than we could buy the same articles. Part of this saving is immediately applied to the retail prices of our table supplies, and the balance comes to us in the form of semiannual dividends. Affiliation with the central society enables our store to carry a larger and better variety of goods than formerly. Expert management has reduced our store's overhead expense, at the same time bettering its service. All of which, of course, has resulted in better business and a return to the cooperative store of members who were trading elsewhere. The central society boosted our sales 50 per cent during the first month, and they are still climbing."

The first privately owned store to be taken over by the New England Cooperative Society was situated in a crowded section of Boston. It was a large store, long established, and making money. The price paid was \$20,000, and this for a cost inventory of goods and a fair appraisal of fixtures. Nothing was paid for good will. This is one of the society's irrevocable rules. Still \$20,000 is quite a bit of money—to raise in ten-dollar lots. Here was the first practical test of Mr. Purington's theories; results proved that they were sound. Regular customers of the store knew that it was doing a good business and meeting competition. Here was no experiment to fool away their hard-earned money. It was a going concern. To become a part owner of such a store looked like a good business proposition. Sixty per cent of the store's customers became shareholders. Within sixty days from the time the store was listed for cooperative ownership the \$20,000 was returned to the central society's treasury wherewith to buy out or establish other stores, and so on.

#### Testing Each Link in the Chain

**H**AD the ablest organizer in the country gone into that section of the city to organize a society with nothing to attract members but the promise of a store when sufficient capital had been raised, it is doubtful if he could have convinced one-tenth of two thousand breadwinners that cooperation was a good thing. That is, he could not have convinced them ten dollars' worth.

It should not be thought that the New England Cooperative Society takes over every grocery store that may be offered, on the theory that cooperation alone will make profitable a store that may be handicapped by a poor location, a clientele who demand credit, excessive rent, or other unfavorable conditions. Establishing a chain of cooperative stores on a business basis requires that each link in the chain shall bear the test of cold business logic. Only experts are qualified to judge such matters. The officers of the society are well qualified.

The president of the society is in middle life and his prime. He has the vision of an idealist combined with the irresistible energy of a man who does things. He has been a success in a business way, and has made enough money (Concluded on page 34)



## A Thunderstorm in Town

### A Reminiscence

By THOMAS HARDY

*SHE wore a new "terra cotta" dress,  
And we stayed because of the pelting storm*

*Within the hansom's dry recess,  
Though the horse had stopped; yes,  
motionless,*

*We sat on, snug and warm.*

*Then the downpour ceased, to my last-  
ing pain,*

*And the glass that had screened our  
forms before*

*Flew up, and out she sprang to her door:  
I should have kissed her if the rain  
Had lasted a minute more.*

Copyright in the United States, 1914.

By Thomas Hardy

ment grew up with, or ahead of, big private business—the trusts, so called; but in this country private business got started first. To put cooperation on a business basis—which means a competitive basis—it was necessary for some one to bridge the gap.

#### How One Failing Store Was Rescued

**T**HE first cooperative store to affiliate with the central society was the Devonshire Cooperative Market, owned and largely patronized by Boston bank clerks. This store was the subject of an article published in COLLIER'S of December 6, 1913. The president of the bank clerks' society says:

"We were doing as well as any small cooperative store could be expected to do, which means that we were putting in \$100 worth of effort for every \$10 drawn out in dividends. Our prices were perhaps lower than prices in the suburbs, but considerably higher than prices of the big city markets. Our attempts to deal directly with the producers of foods



# The Colors of Our Battalion

By Donald Francis McGrew

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

**D**OWN the march of Time all men who became the men of men have steered their spines with theories. Upon the things which you cannot hear or see or touch do the destinies of empire hang.

Therefore, upon that perception, the American Powers-That-Be gave prompt and full reward to Captain Brodney Drew when he came through with flying colors at Tallente's Casa. From a captain of constabulary they promoted him to a majorship in the regulars, and sent him down to San Fernal, Samar, to command the Third Battalion of the Ninety-second Infantry.

"Things look bad in San Fernal," observed the General commanding. "The presidente, a Tagalog named Ybarra, is not to be trusted, I am afraid. They are just recovering from too-much-Smith down there; the residents are all sullen. Captain Allen's constabulary company is trustworthy, but you'd better keep a close eye on affairs, for we don't want another massacre like that of the Ninth."

"Massacre, eh?" sniffed Brodney Drew when he left headquarters. "I guess, from all reports, that if a possible massacre were all I had to worry about I'd have a bed of roses. The Ninety-second Infantry! That blackleg regiment!"

This soulful exclamation indicated the status of the "blackleg regiment," and under ordinary conditions all the officers in the islands might have sent him secret messages of condolence over his assignment. But a constabulary officer who receives promotion over the heads of West Point graduates does not receive condolences from men who have their own opinions on seniority versus selection.

**B**RODNEY DREW, called Bunga Doo by the little Moro soldiers who could not pronounce his name, was a little man and a chesty man, and a fighting, hearty full bobcat from the tips of his immaculate boots to the scrawny thatch of his partially bald head; and also never in the history of the race had man clung closer to that code which governs Nature's gentlemen. On that account, if for no other in the world, he kept his own opinion of the assignment to himself; but in two hours after he arrived at San Fernal the Ninety-second's Third Battalion knew they had an iron commander.

They found no pleasure in the change, but neither did their commander.

Always, from the beginning, Fate and innocent recruiting sergeants had apparently sworn a solemn oath to send them Nature's worst; two mutinies and one threatening of disbandment lay black

against their name; so Bunga had expected very little. But they were even worse than he expected. Just over from the States, they presented a "front," as one old sergeant put it, "made up of the most unsoldierly roughnecks who ever thought to take the wrinkles from their bellies by enlisting with Uncle Sam!"

"Why, curse it!" Bunga thought, watching the companies at their first unwieldy drill; "even the constabulary are laughing at them!" He cast a half-warlike, half-admiring eye at the natty, white-capped native company of veterans which, drilling symmetrically near the whitewashed barracks on the west edge of the plaza, resembled so closely that company of his heart that he had left in Mindanao. "Can't say I blame them much, though," he admitted grudgingly. "But—" here he turned his scarred visage toward the north side of the square, where Señor Ybarra was lounging on his patio—"if you or any of your condemned residents stand out here and grin at anything American, I'll jerk your bally scalps!"

**T**HE thought was unspoken; but Bunga's face was eloquent. Señor Ybarra retired behind his vines to hide his smiles. White-clad, immaculate, with sinister and sensual mouth hid by a well-trimmed Vandyke, this tall, black-haired Tagalog prided himself on his education and his instinctive judgment of men; he observed in confidence to Father Rial, who held sway in the ivy-grown stone church, that, from the appearance of these troops, the Iron was conveniently hot for striking; nevertheless, for his purposes, he admitted he'd much prefer to see some other commandante in the American headquarters.

As the General had said, the town, a typical inland barrio with a surrounding of coco palms, an abundance of nipa huts, and a more than usual number of frame dwellings around the great square plaza, was filled with sullen, chocolate-colored peons, the scum of the Tagalog race; they made their hatred manifest in every word and look, and, till ordered off the plaza by Bunga Doo in person, large groups of them lingered near and laughed disdainfully at the battalion's awkward evolutions. The black looks he could not stop till actions called for bullets; the laughter was a different matter. To the open delight of Captain Allen, the tall, young, brown-eyed Captain of the constabulary, he wheeled about as soon as the taunting crowd was dispersed, marched straight to the presidente's patio, and told that polished worthy in no uncertain tones that if he did not keep his hoodlums off the plaza during drill he'd clap them all in jail.

**T**HE bitter thing was that the native amusement was justified. Bunga Doo gripped his swagger stick, thrust out his square-cut chin, and started out to whip his men into shape.

From any angle this proved a job for a man with solid jawbones in his skull. His first real order gave the men an inkling of what they might expect from an eccentric theorist who nurses fond ideas about the building of a backbone for an army.

Instead of merely having the companies "fall in at attention" for the usual evening ceremony, he ordered them to "fall in" with their rifles. He also ordered every officer who heretofore had missed retreat with impunity to "stand it" with his company. Then he appeared in person to "take retreat," an act unusual in itself. He stood stiff in the center of the parade, a trig, trim, dapper little fellow of starchy alertness; and, while the blazing tropical sun sank behind the coco palms in the background, the wondering com-

panies facing him watched the battalion color bearer take a stand at his rear. Then, when the crashing echoes of the evening gun ripped out across the plaza and the trumpeters took up "The Colors" in honor of the descending flag, Bunga gripped his saber and barked out that most

ringing of commands: "Pre-sent—arms!" Nor was this all. Expecting to be dismissed, the ranks were brought up to a "right shoulder arms"; then they were marched, with their commander at the head, past the colors in columns of fours; and as they passed them they "came down," per the prescribed marching salute, to a snappy "port arms."

"Bully!" grinned Captain Allen, watching from his quarters.

**T**HE regular officers did not echo this. "Why, the man is sheer, stark crazy!" said Captain Duncan, commenting on it later at the bachelors' mess. "What does he think he's commanding—a lot of British Life Guards? That's stage stuff, pure and simple!" "Righto!" declared a cub fresh from the Point. "Wouldn't be surprised, though, if he had us singing the Anthem next. You've heard that story, I suppose, of how he made the constabulary company sing it?"

"Yes, I've heard. But he is not dealing with those quick-stepping little savages now. Entirely different characters. Those sorts of actions will appeal to the men as ridiculously theatrical." And Captain Duncan, a tremendous, bearded man, glared round the board for signs of disapproval.

"Well—er—he *did* show some backbone with these natives," ventured one at last.

"Oh, granted! But did you see those hombres grinning again from the houses to-night? They know. If they laugh, what will the army say? We'll be the laughing stock of the Philippine Division."

The spirit of these comments may or may not have reached little Bunga Doo; but certain it is Captain Duncan was called upon next evening for a rather unpleasant interview. Just preceding retreat, instead of allowing the company commanders to inspect their companies, Bunga Doo walked down the line himself. What he saw, he saw; when retreat was over, Captain Duncan was ordered to meet the commanding officer at the edge of the plaza.

"Captain," said Bunga, eying the big man impersonally from under his stiff cap brim, "your company was in a most unmilitary condition this evening. Filthy shoes, dirty belts, greasy rifles. They were slovenly, too, in their execution of 'Present—arms.'"

**C**APTAIN DUNCAN flushed an angry red to the height of his prominent cheek bones. "I haven't one old soldier in the company, sir," he said in his own defense.

"I know that, Captain, but I want you to lay a great deal of stress on the *spirit* those men put into the movement. By gad, sir, they're saluting the Stars and Stripes and the colors of our battalion; I want to see those guns come up with a *snap*!"

"I'll see that they do in future, sir."

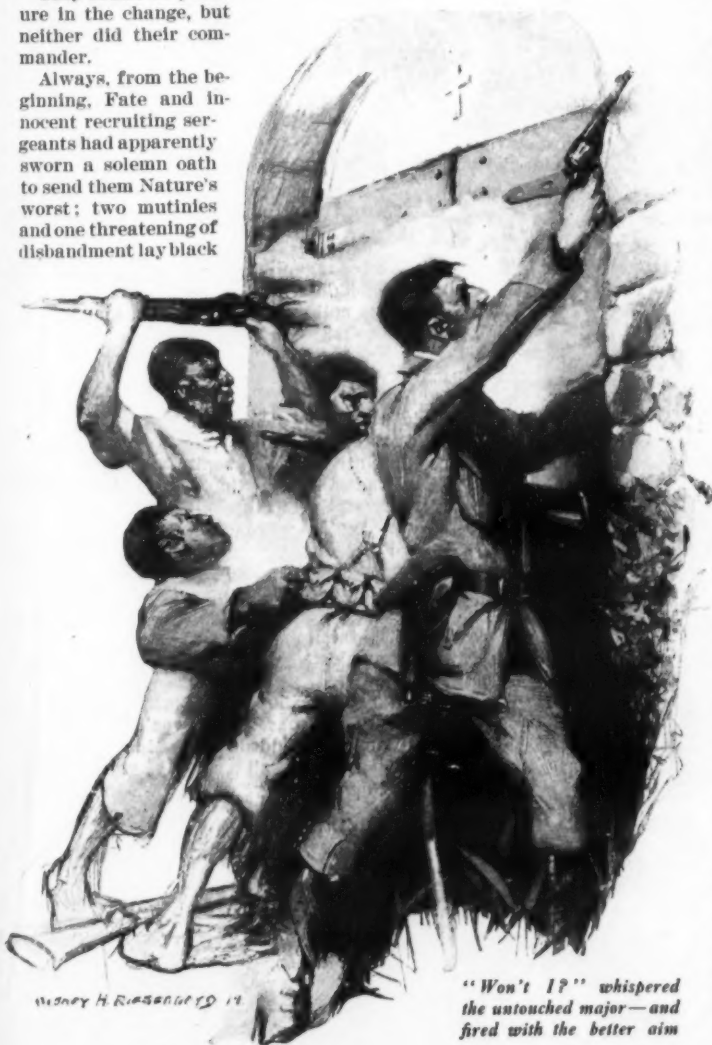
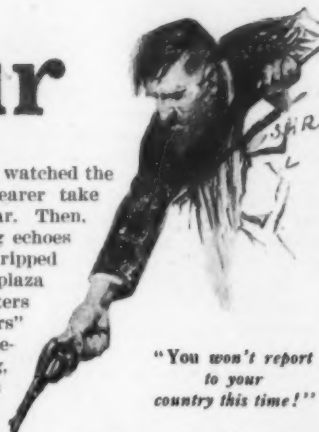
"Very well. I shall always expect you to maintain the strictest sort of discipline in your company. You must appreciate the fact that we have a most unsatisfactory set of recruits to mold over into the form of soldiers; I expect all my officers to help me bring that to pass. If they don't join in with me, then I shall have to take full and complete personal command of our battalion."

"Our battalion?" thought Duncan. "I had an idea the Government owned it." Aloud he said: "Whenever the battalion commander deems that a necessity, it lies within his power, of course."

"Exactly," snapped the little man. "Captain Duncan, I am a man with eyes in my head. I make no apologies whatever for my promotion, though I can see the viewpoint of West Pointers with your service. The fact remains that we are here in the interests of a common work. We are in a decidedly hostile community with a battalion of recruits who have no philosophy, no real theory of soldierhood, no *esprit de corps*. They have no backbone of any description. It's up to us, Captain, to put that backbone into them."

"I fully appreciate that, sir," said Captain Duncan. "Yes, sir. My own theory is, if I might suggest it, that a baptism of fire will do more than all the talk of drill in the world. Lacking that, I—er—don't see how we can effect it by other than the usual methods."

At this juncture soft-footed Señor Ybarra came





walking across the parade. Bunga did not hear him until he was well within earshot of the officers; then he straightened to his full height, this midget with the waist of a girl and the breast of a pouter pigeon, and exclaimed:

"Usual methods? Captain, they will not work fast enough to suit me in this case. By gad, sir, call on this outfit for ordinary work, and they work; call on them for something that appeals to them as obvious madness, and see what happens. They hang back because they are still thinking of themselves alone—and that's what is wrong here. I say that the best we can do is to drill or talk or punish into them the idea that they themselves are too damnably insignificant to be considered men until they wrap themselves round in the colors of our battalion."

"I grasp your idea, sir," returned Captain Duncan when Bunga Doo paused. "Still, in view of the task ahead of us, I wouldn't mind having a small go at the natives to help out."

"Neither would I, Captain. By gad," with suddenly snapping eyes, "I'd welcome it. Yes, sir. I'd welcome more than a small go. If such a thing were possible, I'd like to see a chance to order them into something that struck them as madness, pure and simple. I'd do it if it cost an otherwise unwarranted percentage of lives."

"Oh, surely, sir—"

"By God, I mean it!" blazed Bunga Doo. "What is a soldier, anyway? A questioner? An ordinary citizen? A judge? No! He's a cog in a machine, and, by all the gods, when he enlists to become a cog in that machine which upholds the flag, he'd better be dead than a living blot on the things that flag stands for!"

THE Captain stood nonplussed, while Bunga breathed balefully through quivering nostrils.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "If death is necessary to teach an outfit a theory, then, damn 'em, let 'em die. No outfit is worth a tinker's whoop until they do grasp it. Why, Captain, I'll wager that constabulary company over there has gone further toward grasping—"

Here Señor Ybarra stepped up, bowing politely. Both officers turned.

"Ah, pardon me," said the native aristocrat in perfect English; "I overheard quite unintentionally. It is a most interesting subject. You know"—he showed his white, incisive teeth in what was meant for a smile—"we Filipinos are quite—er—quite—well, dumfounded by your success. In the beginning we had as good men"—one read from his glance of poorly veiled contempt at the barracks that he meant *better*—"and fine trenches and better rifles—yet you beat us. What

would you give as the answer?" The man's manner was pleasantness itself. Yet Bunga restrained himself with an effort. The suave Tagalog emanated something that grittied on every nerve.

"I fancy, sir, that we won because we were sent over here to do it and knew that our country would take no excuse for failure," he said. Then he turned abruptly toward Captain Duncan. "Captain, are you going on to dinner?"

Señor Ybarra grew visibly swarthier; his hands clenched; and as the officers deliberately walked away, he stood there for an instant with nostrils distended and quivering and black eyes boring holes in the hollow backs. And that night, while the moon rose above the distant blue-black mountains and covered the barrio with a seeming peace and calm, Señor Ybarra addressed a meeting in his hacienda. "I tell you the officers themselves realize the men are unprepared!" he exclaimed in part. "Now is the time to rush arrangements for the rifles." But his listeners demurred. Since all arms had been taken away, it was madness to think of trying to cope even with raw recruits unless they had arms and ammunition, but, while guns could be bought with ease from Chinese smugglers and landed on the distant coast, they could not be smuggled in past the outposts without a great deal of danger. Oriental (Continued on page 23)

# Initiations at Lockport

By Charles N. Sims—Part II

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER D. GOLDBECK

THE organization of the Knights of Sahara was to be the biggest event Lockport had ever witnessed. And all through that blazing hot July afternoon nothing else was thought of or talked about.

Children prattled it over the sand pile in the playhouse and at the old swimming hole; women gossiped it in the kitchen and over back fences; men "gassed" it in the truck patch, on the street, and in Abe's store. In short, the village reveled up to its armpits in its first real sensation since the war. A man who was not a candidate for initiation lost caste, but one who had talked openly against the lodge was beyond the pale, and Harry Baum's popularity suffered mightily. Abe suddenly became a lion and his roars kept the excitement at the highest pitch.

Long before night lights blinked from every window in the town hall above Abe's store, and long before that the crowd had gathered on the sidewalk below.

To be sure, no one besides prospective members would witness the ceremonies above, but this did not keep the entire population from turning out in a body to see the arrival of the initiating delegation from the county seat.

THE populace stood a little apart from the candidates for initiation and feasted their eyes upon them. A third group, palpably ostracized, consisting of thirteen young men, headed by the big blacksmith, had taken position just across the street opposite the store. Now and then there was laughter among themselves, but they were studiously frowned upon by all the rest. Abe and the Squire kept the waiting crowd in a perfect agony of suspense by their ambiguous remarks, whispered consultations, sudden excursions in and out of the store and mad dashes up and down the hall stairs.

Abe's last piece of dramatic stage business was exhausted with his jack-in-the-box appearance at an open window in the hall. The Squire groaned with jealous mortification because he had not thought of it himself.

"Good people," Abe began in a stringy, nasal voice. "Good people, I'm about to organize a great lodge—the Knights of Sahary, and I haven't had my shoes off for three days on account of it."

This peep into the speaker's private life brought out a feeble cheer from three or four of the deluded candidates.

"We are all in politics," Abe blundered on in a thundering voice, "we're—"

"Three cheers for Abe Day!" one enthusiast called, and they were given in a half-hearted way that should have discouraged their sponsor, but he instantly asked for three more. Abe held up a hand for silence in time to save the situation.

"That's enough for one time," he said, bowing right and left, "wait 'till you hear this. As I was saying," he took up the broken thread of his discourse with a piece lapping, "we're all in politics—we've got the power—let tyrants beware. Why, good people," he continued with whimsical impressiveness, "we could 'lect a yellow dog to office if we wanted to, though privately I hope it won't be done."

"Three cheers for Squire Buck, our next trustee,"



Harry took a quick step, drew the mask aside, and turned a dimpling face to the bright moonlight. "Why, if it ain't Ruth!" he said

sang out a voice that carried a familiar ring. Nothing happened.

"Who called for them cheers?" Abe asked menacingly. The guilty man wisely refrained from a reply. "Show me the man that interrupted them remarks I was about to make," Abe demanded darkly. No one carried out the command and the enraged speaker grew bolder.

"I do believe that's the shameful hound now, lurking behind that telephone pole," Abe discovered, indignantly pointing out a shrinking figure to the crowd. "Why, if it ain't Squire Buck himself," Harry Baum cried in a shocked voice. A titter ran through the crowd.

"Go on with your chin music, Abe," the Squire said resentfully, "cheers ain't votes."

"Why, good people," Abe began a rather inopportune

recapitulation, "we've got the power to 'lect a yellow dog to office if we want to, though privately I hope it won't be done. We will—"

"There they come now—down at the ford," a voice laden with excitement interrupted shrilly. And necks were craned to catch the first glimpse of the initiating delegation's carriage, as it tolled over the crest of the river bank and trotted briskly up the road toward town in the bright moonlight.

Abe left the window as quickly as he had appeared and careered madly down the steps, lest the Squire get the first greeting from their visitors. Willing hands volunteered to tie the weary team to the railing around the town pump and the two self-appointed members of the local reception committee swept everything before them in a sincere spirit of hospitality.

"Keep back here—you," hissed Abe, elbowing one of his own best patrons.

SEVEN loudly dressed, devilish-looking young fellows, a bit wrinkled by their long drive, climbed stiffly out of the four-seated carriage and seized their grips. The eighth member of the party followed; he was obviously the leader—he looked the oldest, was the noisiest dresser, and, if appearances were worth a cracker, was more devilish than the others.

Jim O'Bear had the face of a naughty Irish Valentine, and his very bearing indicated questionable sympathy for the Dutch. Abe was the first to reach his hand. "So you're Irish," Abe was saying observantly.

"What of it?" Jim replied rudely, sniffing for signs of hidden levity.

"That's nothing," Abe said in a manner calculated to put the unfortunate man at his ease. "I had a great uncle on my father's side who married a full-blooded Irish woman."

"Is that so?" Jim yawned, his inordinate racial vanity lulled for once.

"But then," said Abe, feeling that his remote relative's matrimonial recklessness deserved some extenuation, "they didn't think anything of that in those days."

The reception committee made up in speed for all else they lacked, and the visiting delegation was hustled into the hall without ceremony. Harry Baum managed, however, to buttonhole O'Bear at the foot of the steps and flashed a roll of bills tantalizingly under that gentleman's nose. "Will you do it, Jim—like you promised last night?" he asked.

"Sure," said Jim, reaching for the bribe. "Now that I've seen them," he grimaced, "we won't stop at anything. And, Baum," he added quickly in a low voice, "I want to see you in the hall as soon as you can come here. Don't let anyone see you enter," he warned.

"I want to see you in the hall as soon as you can come here. Don't let anyone see you enter," he warned.

HARRY surrendered the money with a nod and dodged back into the crowd to be congratulated by his companions. He led them down to his shop, where to each one of the twelve conspirators was issued a white garment similar to the pattern he had given Ruth in the morning.

"Now fellows," he began his final instructions, "you've got to keep an eye on the hall. When the initiation is over, make a dash for the ford. I'll be there in time to tell you what to do."

With a last appeal for utmost secrecy, Harry



pocketed a tap wrench and stole quietly out at the back door into the alley. At the head of the alley he paused to reconnoiter the delegation's carriage. The coast was clear. He crossed the street boldly and under the pretense of slacking his thirst at the town pump, made a closer inspection of the visitors' vehicle. With the speed of a skilled machinist, he produced his tap wrench and went to work on the wheel taps in a businesslike manner. A moment later he passed stealthily to the rear of Abe's store, mounted the open stairway softly to the back of the hall and disappeared within. The townspeople stood around for a few minutes after the delegation's arrival and then went quietly home, leaving the lodge candidates in undisputed possession of the empty streets.

O'Bear was inclined to be dictatorial, for as soon as Abe and the Squire had surrendered the hall, he ejected them with a parting injunction to stay away until summoned.

These two worthies were too much mystified to be offended. They rejoined their brother candidates on the street without the slightest inkling of what was going on in the hall.

"This is a great night for Lockport," Abe said for the benefit of anyone who would listen; "Jim O'Bear was just saying to me, 'Abe, says he, I—'"

The wailing notes of a softly played flageolet, accompanied by the faint purring of a kettledrum, vibrated through the humid air. The mysterious throbbing music affected the candidates like a January gust, bringing first aid to their melting collars.

**P**RESENTLY, a whip cracked and a heavy chain rattled, trailed by a heartbreaking moan that was instantly drowned by the swelling music, then stopped as suddenly as it commenced. The candidates looked into each other's eyes with dilating orbs.

"After next Sunday I'm going to let up fishing on the Sabbath," Uriah Westfall said repentantly. "At least so, till the bass is biting on crawdads," he added provisionally. Nelty Driggs produced a full quart of whiskey and fortified himself with a deep pull. "When this here is gone," he said earnestly, returning the bottle to his pocket without spilling a drop, "I guess I'll swear off."

He was scarcely done speaking when a window in the hall grated in its frame and Jim O'Bear looked down on them. "All you candidates come upstairs," he said authoritatively. Abe and the Squire pushed briskly to the head of the line. "Not you two," O'Bear said curtly, "stay where you are. Mr. Buck and Mr. Day have been chosen head sheiks, and their initiation will come later," he explained. This artifice had the desired effect and the prospective head sheiks drew aside, greatly mollified, and watched the others climb the rickety steps.

**T**HE clink of coin that went on at the head of the stairs, as the candidates were passed within the sacred portals, testified to the sound business principles of the visiting delegation and aroused misgivings in the Squire's breast.

"At five apiece, that's a whole hundred," he grumbled as the door above clicked shut. "The home camp ort ter had part of it," he regretted.

"We'll soon make it all back—by 'lection time," Abe advanced confidently.

"Sociables, dances, and all such doings, maybe a lecture," he added tentatively, "there's money in that." "Lectures cost," objected the Squire; "expenses eat up the profits."

"Say Squire," Abe broke out breathlessly as if voicing a freshly conceived idea, "why can't I give them lectures myself?" The Squire only grunted.

"I never suspicioned I could make a speech till to-night," Abe marveled.

"You're too suspicious," criticised the other. "Entirely too suspicious. A man of your suspicious ort ter be a detective."

"That speech come to me like—like a call for help in the woods," Abe declared.

"That's the way it sounded to me," the Squire said spitefully. At this juncture a piercing scream echoed and reechoed through the lonely streets. It was directly smothered in a chorus of moans that were engulfed in turn by hideous, discordant music.

The next thirty minutes seemed an age in which Abe and the Squire lived over much of the past and more of the immediate future. Finally, when O'Bear's seductive voice summoned them to the trial, a white, silent figure, hooded and gowned like one of Dante's hypocrites, met them at the door and relieved them of

a five-dollar bill each, in spite of the Squire's plea to reduce his fee to four-seventy-five. Abe and the Squire gawked about the old familiar room. The two prospective head sheiks sniffed delightedly at the atmosphere which was thick with cheap incense, cheap cigarette smoke, and cheaper whisky.

**O**THER white gowns stood ranged along the sides of the long room in the brooding quiet. The room was lighted by huge candles that cast a faint, yellow light on the naked walls, and lent death's



*His Majesty emitted a nasty laugh. "If you had confessed to three or four living wives," he said grimly. "I wouldn't be the one to press for embarrassing detail."*

hue to the candidates' faces. A blood-red light showed dimly through the cracks in the storeroom at the rear of the hall. Above the door in flaming letters frightened eyes read the ominous superscription: "Those Who Enter Here Leave Hope Behind."

"Look, Squire!" whispered Abe making a painful excursion into the old man's short ribs with a bony elbow. The admonition was entirely superfluous, for the Squire's staring eyes were already glued to the red-bunting throne where his Satanic Majesty in all of his fiery Faustlike finery disported himself with languid grace.

"It's him all right," the Squire returned hoarsely, "I'd know him any place."

"Silence there!" rapped his Majesty, flourishing his fork.

"Abraham Day," he continued magisterially, "advance to the presence for examination." A white gown led Abe forward to the foot of the throne, after which he modestly withdrew leaving his charge face to face with the figure in red.

"Mr. Day," began his Satanic Majesty, bending knit brows on the nervous candidate, "prospective Knights are expected to come to us with a clean conscience. It's only fair to you," he went on civilly, "that you should know I have a complete history of your life and I know it like a book. Beware," he adjured, "you are expected to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, or—" and a stern finger elucidated the unspoken threat by pointing out the fearful legend above the storeroom door.

**N**CW, Mr. Day, how old are you?" the examiner began in businesslike tones.

"Forty-five years, four months, and seven days," Abe replied glibly.

"Correct," verified the other, "just as I have it here. Where born?" was the next question.

"Salt Lake City, Utah," Abe answered self-consciously.

"No doubt of it," his Majesty observed with a hearty laugh. "Your domestic life out there proves it. Are you still a Mormon?" he yawned.

"No," Abe replied quickly, too astonished to say more.

"Look out," cried his Majesty with playful severity. "I ain't a Mormon," Abe said loudly—"never was. I'm a deep-water Baptist," he added stoutly.

"I don't know as I blame you for denying it," his Majesty pondered leniently. "If I was tempted like you are," he continued, darting a significant glance in the Squire's direction, "I expect I'd lie, too."

"I ain't a Mormon," Abe said desperately, "never was—"

"That will do," his Majesty said with wintry indifference, "nobody here cares what your religion is as long as you don't insist on practicing it."

Abe felt himself growing hot, cold, and numb by turns, and in his wretched plight, he even dared an appealing look at the Squire, in whose brooding countenance he read neither recognition nor compassion.

"Mr. Day," smiled his Majesty—Abe licked his parched lips forebodingly—"just tell the gentlemen of the jury how many times you have been married?"

"Never were married," gasped Abe. "Never found a woman I'd have."

**H**IS Majesty emitted a nasty laugh. "If you had confessed to three or four living wives," he said grimly, "I wouldn't be the one to press for embarrassing detail, though I wouldn't care to be in your place when all the rest of them found it out."

"I ain't married," Abe cried miserably, "I can prove it in—in a month."

"Don't lie to me again, you procrastinating, pusillanimous polygamist," fumed his Majesty, obviously at the end of his good nature.

"Oh, what a pity!" chorused the white gowns.

"Oh, what a pity! Take him to the torture—take him to the torture."

"Mercy! Mercy!" entreated a voice from the chamber of horrors. The soul-withering call for clemency was lost in a rattle of chains and the biting crack of a well-used whip. Abe's hair stood on end as though it had been combed wet and then frozen.

"Don't let them take me in there," he pleaded; "I'm half sick the way it is."

"Oh, what a pity!" sighed the white gowns. "Oh, what a pity!"

"Away with him to the torture!" frothed his Majesty, beside himself with anger. Two white gowns jumped to obey and Abe was borne swiftly toward the storeroom, amid baleful cries of: "Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a pity!"

**A**T THE dreaded threshold he found a coherent tongue. "I'll confess," he broke down, "I'll confess anything you want me to."

"How many of your wives are living?" his Majesty asked impatiently.

"I—I don't know," Abe faltered truthfully. His Majesty frowned and signed for his orders to be carried out. Abe wriggled like a gagged eel, but without avail, and the torture-room door closed in the nick of time to hide what happened immediately after his suspenders snapped. However, the door of the torture room could not deaden the awful sounds that issued from the place.

Shivering from head to foot, the Squire watched the grotesque contortions of his Majesty with supreme wonder. "It hurts me almost as bad as it will Mr. Day," his Majesty explained growlingly, as he controlled an imminent paroxysm that seemed to be contagious among the white gowns.

"There it comes again. Te, he!" he choked, doubling up in a shaking knot, and it took some minutes for the spasm to pass. "I hope I don't have to send an old man like you there, Squire," he said at last. "If I did," he went on sorrowfully, "and you were to groan every time I saw them wheeling you about in an invalid chair I'd feel unhappy as long as you were in sight."

"Mr. Buck," he added, in quite another manner. "Come before the tribunal." The Squire scarcely felt the floor beneath his dragging feet as his escort of white gowns led him forward.

"Your name?" his Majesty began.

"Squire Buck," the self-assured candidate replied at once.

"Age?"

(Continued on page 25)

## The Armies That Menace the Teuton World



One of the Czar's artillery batteries in the field. The Russian artillery is modeled upon the French. It has been thoroughly reorganized since Russia was beaten in the war with Japan and is now in first-class fighting condition



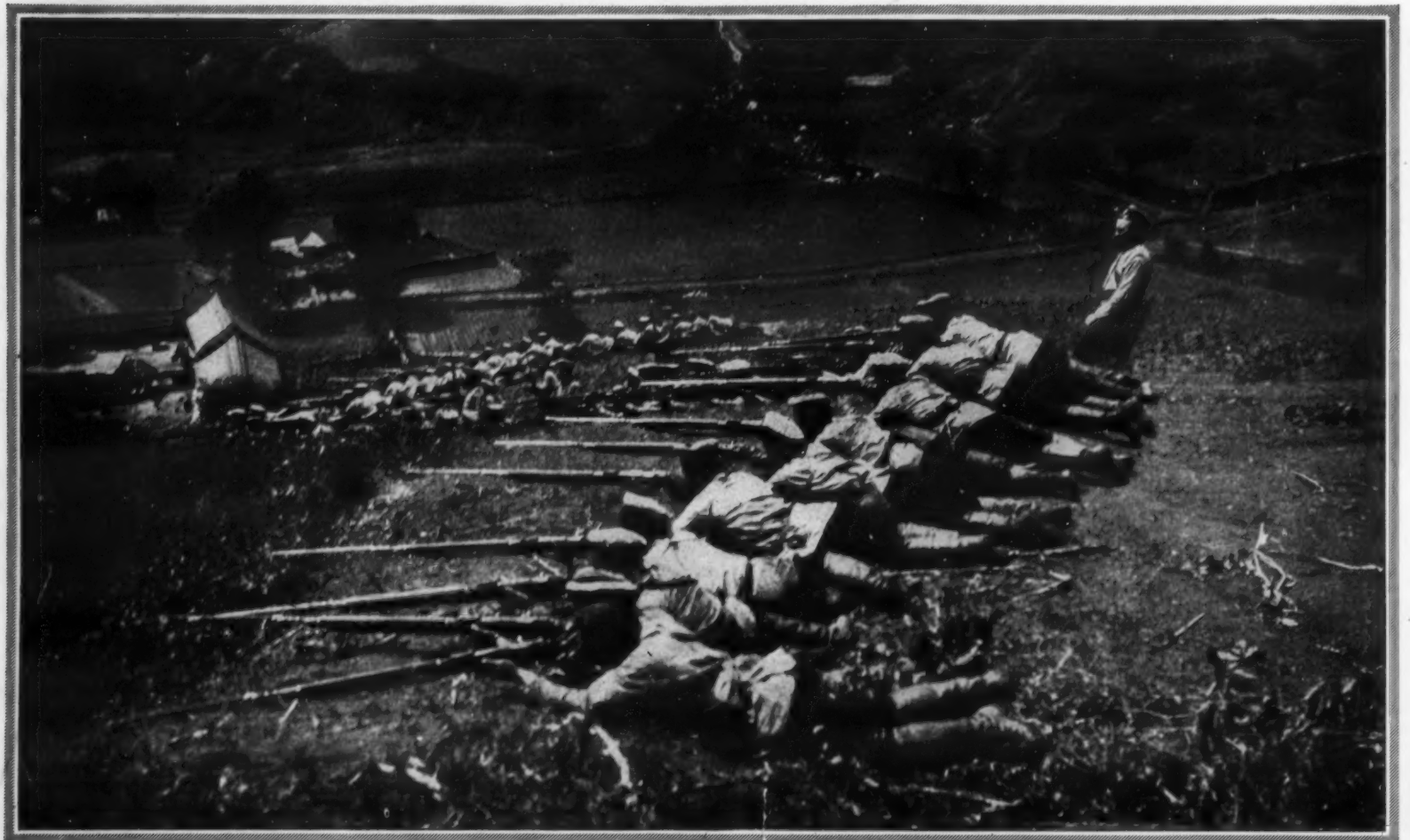
Photograph by John F. Parker

A battery of English field artillery in full equipment. Army experts predict that the larger part of the deadly work in the present war will be done by artillery. England's army strength for immediate use is 693,000 well-trained men



General Joffre (left), field head of the French, discussing tactics with a subordinate general. The French have 1,300,000 men

BY comparison the trained field forces involved in the present European war make the armies of the past look like scouting parties. England, Russia, and France, the Triple Entente, have a ready force of 3,843,000 men. The soldiery of these three nations is represented in the photographs on this page. Belgium and Serbia furnish approximately 250,000 more men, which runs the total up to 4,093,000. That is the present fighting strength of the allied armies opposed to Germany and Austria at the hour we go to press. Germany's ready force of 1,850,000 men and Austria's 820,000 make a total of 2,670,000. The nations involved can put from 17,000,000 to 20,000,000 men in the field in two or three months.



Russian infantry in shallow trenches. The Czar's navy is weak, but his army is equal to Germany's in size. He has 1,850,000 men immediately available





### Soldiery of Two Nations That Face Great Odds

THE efficiency of the German artillery, members of which are seen on the move in the photograph above, is traditional. The story begins with the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, when the Prussian artillery, with the first rifled, breech-loading guns to be used on a large scale, defeated the Austrians. But there is a difference of expert opinion now as to whether Germany or France has the best artillery in the world. In all probability the question of supe-

riority will be settled soon in the struggle between Germany and Austria, constituting the Dual Alliance, and their numerous powerful foes. The men in fancy uniform in the picture below are a company of Tyrolean Guards, who form a part of Austria's army of 500,000 in the field as we go to press. The Austrian land forces are in four divisions, two numbering 150,000 each and two 100,000 each. In efficiency the Austrians are supposed to rank next to the Germans and the French.



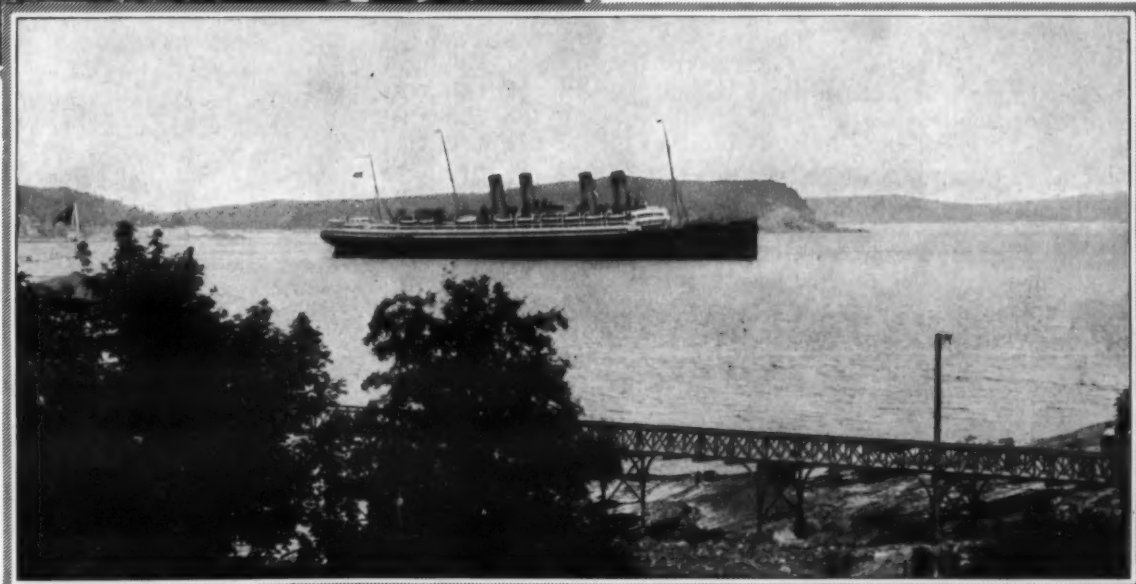
### Moltke, the General Who Never Laughs

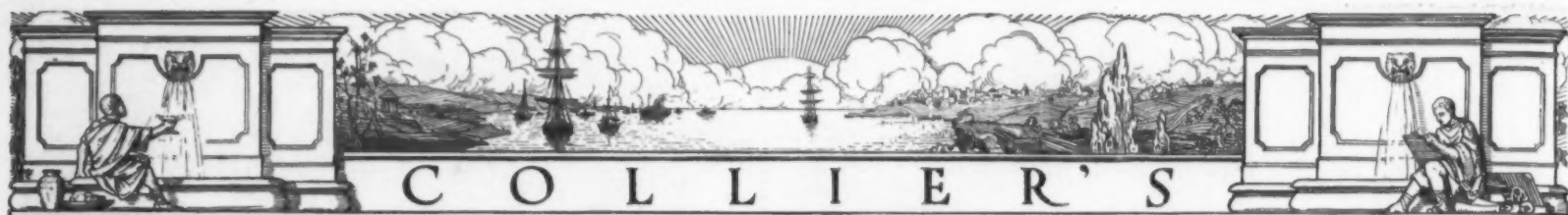
GENERAL HELMUTH VON MOLTKE, Chief of the General Staff of the German army, is one of the gloomiest men alive. His acquaintances say he seldom smiles and is never known to laugh. Kaiser Wilhelm frequently calls him "the gloomy Helmuth." It is not because of any event of the present European war that Von Moltke finds it impossible to laugh. Studying the business of war since early youth and having to deal constantly with the Kaiser, who is an exacting master in military affairs, explain the General's lack of cheerfulness. Von Moltke has been personally unpopular with the Kaiser nearly ever since his appointment in 1904. He has been kept in the position because of his extraordinary ability.



### A Modern Sea Tale That Shelves Captain Kidd

THE tales of treasure ships that fled from Captain Kidd and his like in the romantic days of the Spanish Main cannot be permanently robbed of any of their charms, but they are shelved for a time to make way for the true-as-Gospel story of how the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, carrying \$10,700,000 in gold, eluded hostile warships on the high seas. When the good German ship was four days out of New York a radio message told her to turn back. Her funnels were painted to resemble those of a British steamer, her lights were hidden, and she raced back to the American coast at the highest possible speed. She put in at a most unexpected port. Under cover of darkness the *Cecilie*, in our photograph at the right, slipped into Bar Harbor, Me., giving the wealthy vacationists at the resort a big surprise when they awoke next morning.





## The Meaning of the War

**N**OW ARMAGEDDON HAS A REAL MEANING—now we have roaring in our ears the thunder of the captains and the shouting of a continent in conflict. If this be not Armageddon, we shall never suffer that final death grip of the nations. "For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

Civilization itself stands in jeopardy. The nations which are at war are the custodians of enlightenment for the earth, and they are entrapped into treason to their trust. For, after all has been said on the side of the virtues developed by war, we know that these peoples will not be the same peoples after this tornado has swept them. For the destruction of a Galveston, the shaking and burning of a San Francisco, the overwhelming of a Dayton, the wrecking of an Omaha, or the inundating of a Johnstown there is a remedy in mutual help and intensified industry and enterprise. Those calamities come from man's defeat at the hands of Nature; but this infernal thing in Europe is man's defeat of himself. The index number of everything good will stand lower after it is over. The pressure gauge of efficiency will fall when it is over. Indeed, it will never be over. The long climb to the uplands of the soul, toward which mankind struggles, is not gained by sudden leaps; and a long, tragic slip like this must be regained by effort which would otherwise be unnecessary. A thousand years from now the world will be suffering morally and spiritually from the effects of this unthinkable thing which has come upon us. We may have gained heights, but they will be lower than the levels upon which we should have stood if the villain BERCHTOLD had not thought he could bluff the imbecile NICHOLAS.

How will it affect the United States? Morally we shall suffer with the rest of the world. We shall not be so deeply imbrued as we might be if we plunged our own hands in the blood of our fellows as our poor brethren in Europe are doing; but we, too, shall be degraded by the blood lust turned loose upon the world's psychology. No man liveth unto himself alone nor dieth unto himself alone. We are members one of another. More than ever before in the world's history are the nations members one of another. These peoples are our fathers and mothers as well as our brethren. Every drop of blood shed is blood flowing in the veins of Americans. From the breast of every man in arms there run the threads of consanguinity to us. We shall feel thrilling, from man to man and from family to family, the hatreds let loose across the water. This is a part of the spiritual penalty we shall pay as members of the white race for this white man's suicidal war.

The immediate pinch is on us at this writing. At some ports there is an actual embargo against the exportation of our products—an embargo rendered necessary by the lack of ships to carry them. Congress has done what it should have done years ago—opened American registry to all foreign-built ships; but it is too late. Ships will be accounted as under the flags they flew at the opening of hostilities. We cannot take over the ships of the world in a time of war and make them American by allowing them to hoist the American flag. So that avenue of profit from the war is closed to us. And the vessels which would be glad to carry our wheat, cotton, maize, and meats are carrying armies for the invasion of empires, and supplies and material of war. This is the first shock to our commerce and business.

When the war ends, and at some time during the war if it continues many months, this lack will in all probability be supplied. Where the ships will come from we cannot now see, but they will come. When Europe must have food, the transportation will be provided. Already the British Government has to some extent solved the problem by its guaranty of all shipments of grain to British ports. Sooner or later the freight will move.

Then for a while—in fact, as long as the war lasts and for some time after its close—we shall make much money out of it. The grain fields of Russia and the Balkan states, and that garden spot, the Danube Valley, will be ravaged by armies and lie fallow for want of husbandmen. In the meantime railways will be torn up, engines ruined, all sorts of machinery destroyed, motor cars worn out and shot to pieces, mills shut down, production arrested. The factory hands will be in the armies. The demand for manufactured products of many sorts will be enormous—and where else will they come from but the United States? Japan is the only manufacturing nation, save ours, which is not involved—and Japan may be involved before this

reaches our readers. The work left undone by these worse-than-idle hands, the replacement of the manufactured articles destroyed, must fall largely to the factories and the workingmen of the United States.

The great grain-producing and meat-producing peoples of Europe are actively engaged in this war. It began in the heart of the food-producing center of Europe, the Danubian provinces and the Balkans. It immediately involved the best fields in the world, those of Germany and France. And when Russia flew to arms the region of the Old World most like our Mississippi Valley was affected. When the reservists of these nations were called to the colors they left the harvests unreaped and the shocks of grain to waste in the rains. The autumn work will go undone save as it can be performed by the old men, the women, and the children. And whole provinces will be wasted with fire and sword. The paralysis of war strikes down agricultural efficiency, and uncertainty deters the husbandman from effort. To the United States, Argentina, and Canada will fall the task of feeding the hundreds of millions who must otherwise be left destitute. No shortage of ships, it would seem, will be long left unsupplied under these conditions—for hunger must be served. The conditions in cereals will exist in meats. The breeding herds of Europe will be sacrificed to supply the sharp needs while transportation is interrupted, and a shortage will be created which will be long in filling up. The United States will be called on for every pound of its surplus meats at high prices.

Horses and mules will be sacrificed in enormous numbers and will increase in value in this country. The temptation to sell them and adopt motor vehicles in their stead will cause a further shifting from draft animals to machines.

Armies wear out enormous quantities of textiles and shoes. It is said that a soldier needs a new pair of shoes every thirty days. We shall have to make the cotton, the woolen goods, and the shoes to supply this enormous and abnormal demand. The cotton clothes and woolen blankets destroyed in retreats, burned in the destruction of supply depots and trains, abandoned in marches, ruined by weather, and worn out in campaigning, we shall be called upon to manufacture in large measure, and we shall not only make the cotton stuffs, but we shall sell the cotton from which they are manufactured.

As the great neutral nation, our securities will no doubt be sought for and our fields for investment favorably passed upon by capitalists. We may not be able with perfect freedom to take over ships, but money has no flag, and with almost every other great nation torn and rent by war, money will come to the United States. Provided at last with a good currency system, we should be able to extend the field for the employment of American capital in foreign trade and to increase the amount of foreign capital enlisted in the stable, prosperous, peace-blessed industries of America. If these things be true, it will be a blessing to the world as well as to us. If we were embroiled in war, too, the world's outlook would be indeed black. The one clear spot in the sky of the world is the United States of America, at peace, ready to do anything in her power to restore peace to others, full of shops, factories, mines, farms, and highways, all of which may be used and will be used to keep the earth from famine.

We must be prepared for friction. Labor will soon be scarce in this country and the cost of living high. Wages will probably rise, and if they do not there will be labor troubles. And after the war is over, and we have made our money out of it, the relapse will come. We shall be a stronger power in the financial, industrial, and agricultural world than ever before. We shall probably be stronger in our influence on the nations. We shall be these things if for no other reason than that our great competitors will be weakened. But after a fever of one or two or three years the reaction will come, and with it troublesome readjustments for us. We cannot have lived through such a storm on a world so small as this without some suffering.

### Why They Last

**I**N THE "OHIO STATE JOURNAL," published at Columbus, there is a column headed: "News Our Fathers Read Thirty-one Years Ago To-day." In a recent issue we find under the heading a familiar passage about books by one FRANCIS BACON: "Some books are to be tasted. . . ." Now that passage wasn't "news" in 1883, when "our fathers" read it in the "Ohio State Journal," and it is not news to-day. Yet it shines out above all the trivial verse and prose that make up the rest of the column, and serves as a reminder that "news" is often our slightest





offering, after all. The survival of good books is not due to a conspiracy in their favor on the part of President WILSON and Dr. ELIOT and Colonel ROOSEVELT; they have in them some spark of life that burns as brightly on Friday as on Thursday, and in 1914 as in 1883 or 1597. Form is not all, nor yet mere erudition. Sincerity is one essential. But how can we hope to learn the secret of the life of books while the mystery of human life still baffles us?

### Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

THE COUNTRY'S HEART, individually and collectively, is still throbbing with profound sympathy for President WILSON and his family in their bereavement, but it must be a high consolation to them that no death like that of Mrs. WILSON is without a glory for humanity. Hers may well be described as a beautiful death. While her husband was pressed and preoccupied with the cares of his own nation and the tragic misfortune of all Europe, during the very days when he was seeking to urge and establish peace in the present unprecedented cataclysm of war, she, his helpmate and beloved companion of thirty years, lay dying, and smiling lest she should too much distract him from his high duties. Her very condition was brought upon her largely by the service to her neighbors and her people. And that is both the price and the privilege of the exalted places in life—sacrifice and service, unremitting service. A clean and wholesome Washington will doubtless be Mrs. WILSON's peculiar monument, but not her only monument. In the heart of every American will remain glowing the memory of a beautiful, womanly life.

### Schoolhouses and Elections

EMERSON WOULD HAVE APPROVED of ROBERT ADAMSON's remarks on politics and schoolhouses. Mr. ADAMSON is the New York newspaper man whom Mayor GAYNOR made his private secretary; after GAYNOR's death he ran Mayor MITCHEL's campaign and became his Fire Commissioner. Says Mr. ADAMSON:

A school would be a more suitable building for a polling place than a basement, some dark room, or a corner store. Such places are conducive to fraud. The use of schools for meetings would tend in the direction of progress. There has been more progress in politics in the last ten years than in the fifty years before. In the era coming there will be less of politicians and more of the men who do the work because they are fitted for it. Experts will have charge of municipal work. And there will be much wider activity of women in city government. Schools should be the center of social activity.

Economy is another advantage. In New York City are more than six hundred schoolhouses, an investment of \$135,000,000. Though these are public buildings, they are used only six or seven hours in the day for five days in the week—and this only for nine months. But in towns as far apart as Los Angeles, Cal., and Worcester, Mass., schools are the polling places, and it is only a question of time until other communities follow suit. By the way, didn't the Knights of Labor declare at least a generation ago for socializing the schoolhouse?

### Common Sense

SAFETY FIRST, the saloon second—if at all. THOMAS D. WEST, originally a foundry worker, now manager of the West Steel Foundry Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has started an American Anti-Accident Association. One of the association's proposals is to place a prohibition zone around

all industrial plants—such a zone as now surrounds schoolhouses in many towns. The idea is to reduce the number of industrial accidents due to booze by pushing back the saloon. According to the Sick Benefit Society of Leipzig, Germany—the Beer Fatherland—men classed as drinkers had from 95 to 283 per cent more accidents than workmen in general. The plan of the American Anti-Accident Association is not a scheme of crazy theorists; the hard-headed "Iron Trade Review" backs the campaign. Unlike some reforms, this strikes us as applied common sense.

### Spoken Like a Man

WE ENJOY GOOD, honest, whole-souled boasting better than the miching modesty which conceals smug self-content. That is why we have taken pleasure in an editorial burst of civic pride in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal":

When PAVLOVA, the dancer, came along, our people turned out and filled the theatre to a comfortable degree of repletion. During the same week WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS came, and our people greeted him in numbers just as great as those which watched the Russian get a wriggle on. All of which goes to show that the people of Memphis are strong for anything that is excellent.

Our churches have large congregations. If our prosperity dinner secured an attendance of 500, our morality dinner got us another audience of 500.

When two eminent exponents of the art virile do disport themselves in an arena in the northern part of the city—purely for educational purposes—our leading citizens are there in great numbers.

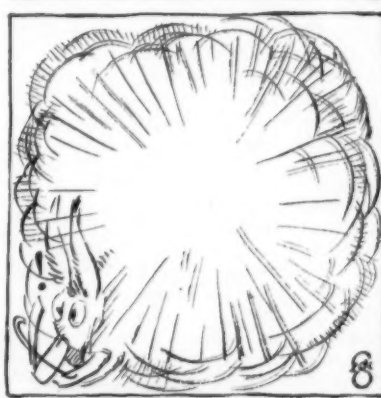
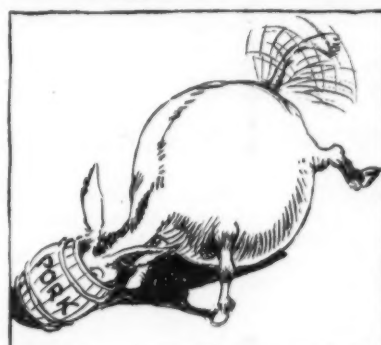
When a dancer comes our people go and see. When a poet comes we turn out in multitudes, and if this poet rides to the very pinnacle of metrical rhapsody we travel right along with him. . . .

Memphis patronizes good lecturing, good dancing, and good poetry. It is strong for the uplift, no matter whether the uplifter be a tenor-singing poet or an uppercutting boxer. We are for art for art's sake—ars poetica, Terpsichorean, the manly art—all art except the black art. Memphis is cosmopolitan.

Bully for you, Memphis! So many cities are rotten with provincialism, so rare is catholic breadth of taste, that we're only too anxious to take you at your own valuation.

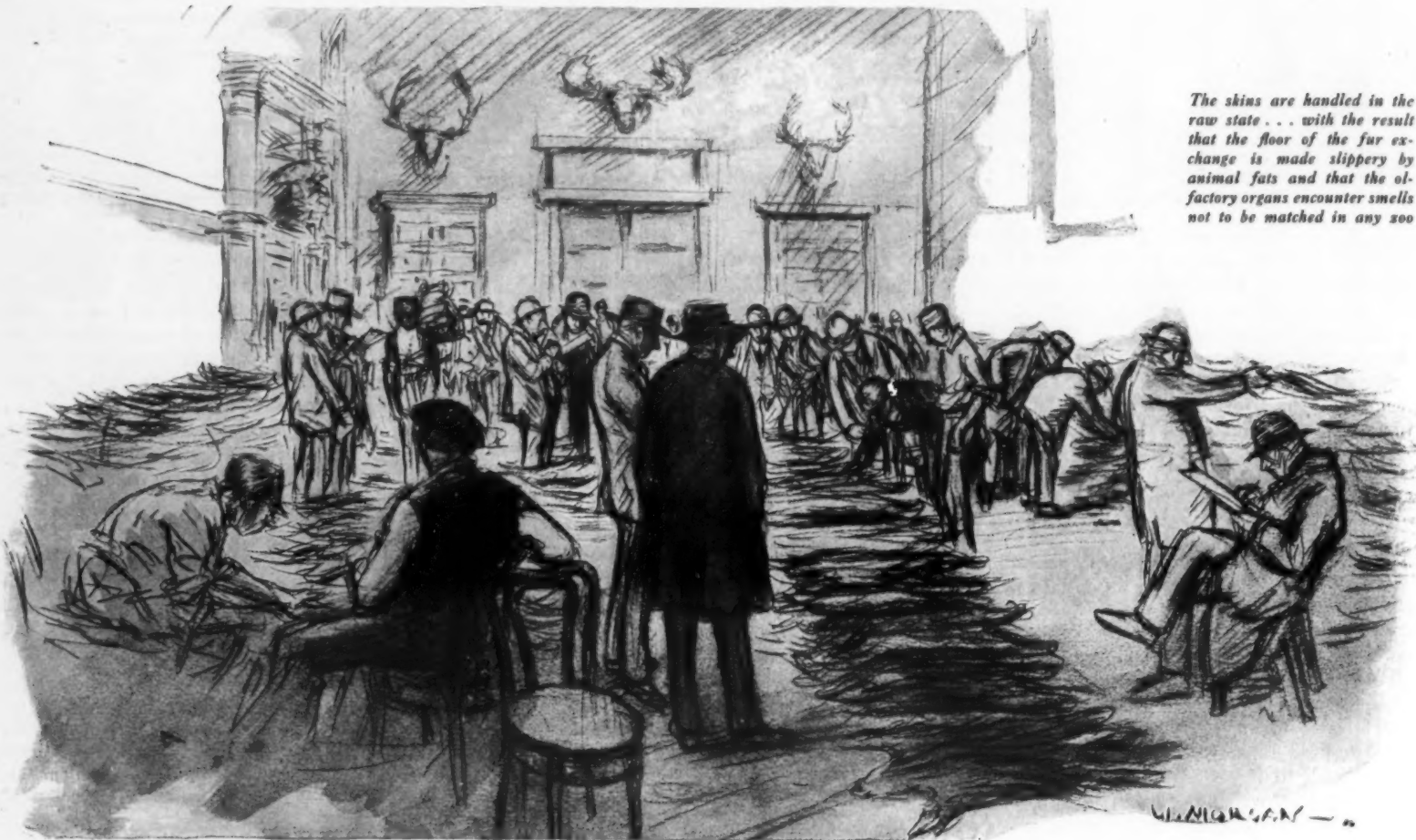
### Youth

YOUTH came into the market place half dazed by the dazzling brilliance of the sun, but with strong hands and a ready spirit. Youth found a master, and was happy even when surcharged with labor and meagerly rewarded and denied sunshine. Youth gave largely of service and of loyalty—for of these things Youth was prodigal, being richer in them than in dollars. Years rolled by, and Youth was less quick, and showed the pallor of working indoors for small recompense. Then one day the master reflected and said to himself: "Which of my handmaids has less to give me in the time to come? For I must keep in my house only those whose backs are strong and feet eager and hands subtle." And she whose name had been Youth passed languidly, and the master marked her without speech that she no longer sang softly at her work as once, and he reflected: "A few years and she will be of much less value to me, and I shall be paying her as much as her labor is worth to me—which would be no bargain. Better dismiss her to-day than to-morrow." And he called to her and said: "My plans are altered, Youth, and I no longer need you here. Take two weeks, look about you, and be sure that I shall give you a letter of recommendation saying that I have found you a fairly faithful servant in such matters as you understand." And tears came into Youth's eyes, knowing that she was Youth no longer, but an empty vessel.



The perfectly natural history of a herbivorous animal that thinks itself carnivorous

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper



The skins are handled in the raw state . . . with the result that the floor of the fur exchange is made slippery by animal fats and that the olfactory organs encounter smells not to be matched in any zoo

# Somnolent St. Louis

## Chapter VII—Abroad at Home—American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

SOME years ago, while riding westward through the Alleghenies in an observation car of the Pennsylvania Limited, a friend of mine fell into conversation with an old gentleman who sat in the next chair.

"Evidently he knew a good deal about that region," said my friend, in telling me of the incident later. "We must have sat there together for a couple of hours. He did most of the talking; I could see that he enjoyed talking, and was glad to have a listener. Before he got off he shook hands with me and said he was glad to have had the little chat. Then, when he was gone, the trainman came and asked me if I knew who he was. I didn't. Come to find out, it was Andrew Carnegie."

I asked my friend how Mr. Carnegie impressed him. "Oh," he replied, "I was much surprised when I found it had been he. He seemed a nice old fellow enough, kindly and affable, but a little commonplace. I should never have called him an 'inspired millionaire.' I've been reconstructing him in my mind ever since."

### Has She Style All the While?

I AM reminded of my friend's experience by my own meeting with the city of St. Louis; for it was not until after I had left St. Louis that I found out "who it is." That is, I failed to focus, while there, upon the fact that it is America's fourth city. And now, in looking back, I feel about St. Louis as my friend felt about the ironmaster: I do not think it looks the part.

St. Louis leads the world in shoes, stoves, and tobacco; it is the world's greatest market for hardware, lumber, and raw furs; it is the principal horse and mule market in America; it builds more street and railroad cars than any other city in the country; it distributes more coffee; it makes more woodenware, more native chemicals, more beer. It leads in all these things. But what it does not do is to look as though it led. Physically it is a great, overgrown American town, like Buffalo or St. Paul. Its streets are, for the most part, lacking in distinction. There is no center at which a visitor might stop, knowing by instinct that he was at the city's heart. It is a rambling, incoherent place, in which one has to ask which is the principal retail shopping corner. Fancy having to ask a thing like that!

I do not mean by this that St. Louis is much worse, in appearance, than some other American cities. For American cities, as I have said before, have only recently awakened to the need of broadly planned municipal beauty. All I mean is that St. Louis seems to be behind in taking action to improve herself.

Almost every city presents a paradox, if you will but find it. The St. Louis paradox is that she is a stylish city without style. But that is not, in reality, the paradox, it seems. It only means that being an old, aristocratic city, with a wealthy and cosmopolitan population, and an extraordinarily cultivated social life, St. Louis yet lacks municipal style. It is a dowdy city. It needs to be taken by the hand and led around to some municipal-improvement tailor, some civic haberdasher, who will dress it like the gentleman it really is.

I remember a well-to-do old man who used to be like that. His daughters were obliged to drag him down to get new clothes. Always he insisted that the old frock coat was plenty good enough; that he couldn't spare time and the money for a new one. Nevertheless, he could well afford new clothes, and so can St. Louis. The city debt is relatively small, and the tax rate is lower than in any other American city with over 350,000 population, except two. The exceptions are San Francisco and Cleveland. And either one of them can set a good example to St. Louis in the matter of self-improvement. San Francisco, with a population hardly more than half that of St. Louis, is yet an infinitely more important-looking city; while Minneapolis or Denver might impress a casual visitor, roaming their streets, as being equal to St. Louis in commerce and population. Yet the Missouri metropolis is, in reality, considerably greater than the two combined. However, in considering the follies of an old city we should be lenient, as in considering those of an old man.

Old men and old cities did not enjoy, in their youth, the advantages which are enjoyed to-day by young men and young cities. Life was harder, and precedent, in many lines, was wanting. Excepting in a few rare instances, as, for example, in Detroit and Savannah, the laying out of cities seems to have been taken care of, in the early days, as much by cows as men. Look at Boston, or lower New York, or St. Paul, or St. Louis. How little did the men who founded those cities dream of the proportions to which they would some day attain! But with cities which have begun to develop within

the last fifty or sixty years, it has been different, for there has been precedent to show them what is possible when an American city really starts to grow. To-day all American cities, even down to the smallest towns, have a sneaking suspicion that they may some day become great, too—great, that is, by comparison with what they are. And those which are not altogether lacking in energy are prepared, at least in a small way, to encounter greatness when, at last, it comes.

### Her Lineage

BAEDEKER says St. Louis was founded as a fur-trading station by the French in 1756. "All About St. Louis," a publication compiled by the St. Louis Advertising Men's League, gives the date 1764. Pierre Laclède was the founder, and it is interesting to note that some of his descendants still reside there.

When Louis XV ceded the territory to the east of the Mississippi to the English, he also ceded the west bank to Spain by secret treaty. Spanish authority was established in St. Louis in 1770, but in 1804 the town became a part of the United States, as a portion of the Louisiana Purchase.

In the old days the city had but three streets: the Rue Royale, one block back from the levee (now Main Street); the Rue de l'Eglise, or Church Street (now Second); and the Rue des Granges, or Barn Street (now Third).

Though a few of the old French houses, in a woeful state of dilapidation, may still be seen in this neighborhood, it is now for the most part given over to commission merchants, warehouses, and slums.

### As Charles Dickens Saw Her

CHARLES DICKENS, writing of St. Louis in 1842, describes this quarter:

"In the old French portion of the town the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque; being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs or rather ladders from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking houses, too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lopsided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements.



"It is hardly necessary to say that these consist of wharves and warehouses and new buildings in all directions; and of a great many vast plans which are still 'progressing.' Already, however, some very good houses, broad streets, and marble-fronted shops have gone so far ahead as to be in a state of completion, and the town bids fair in a few years to improve considerably; though it is not likely ever to vie, in point of elegance or beauty, with Cincinnati. . . . The Roman Catholic religion, introduced here by the early French settlers, prevails extensively. Among the public institutions are a Jesuit college, a convent for 'the Ladies of the Sacred Heart,' and a large chapel attached to the college, which was in course of erection at the time of my visit. . . . The architect of this building is one of the reverend fathers. . . . The organ will be sent from Belgium. . . . In addition to these establishments there is a Roman Catholic cathedral.

"No man ever admits the unhealthiness of the place he dwells in (unless he is going away from it), and I shall therefore, I have no doubt, be at issue with the inhabitants of St. Louis in questioning the perfect salubrity of its climate. . . . It is very hot . . ."

### A Sequestered Landmark

THE cathedral of which Dickens wrote remains, perhaps, the most sturdy building in the section which forms the old town. It is a venerable-looking pile of gray granite, built to last forever, and suggesting, with its French inscriptions and its exotic look, a bit of old Quebec. But for the most part the dilapidation of the quarter has continued steadily from Dickens's day to this, and the beauty now to be discovered there is that of decay and ruin—pathetic beauty to charm the etcher, but sadden the lover of improvement, whose battle cry invariably involves the overworked word "civic."

An exception to the general slovenliness of this quarter is to be seen in the old Merchants' Exchange Hall on Main Street. Built nearly sixty years ago, this building, now disused and dilapidated, nevertheless shows the world a façade of a distinction rare in structures of its time. I was surprised to discover that this old hall was not better known in St. Louis, and I cheerfully recommend it to the notice of those who esteem the architecture of the Jefferson Memorial, the bulky new cathedral on Lindell Boulevard, or that residence, suggestive of the hanging gardens of Babylon, at Hortense Place and King's Highway. Take the old Merchants' Exchange Hall away from dirty, cobbled Main Street, set it up, instead, beside the Grand Canal, and watch the tourist from St. Louis stop his gondola to gaze!

### Statistics Have Charm

BUT what city has respected its ruins? Rome used her palaces as mines for building material. St. Louis destroyed the wonderful old mound which used to stand at the corner of Mound Street and Broadway, forming one of the most interesting archeological remains in the country and, together with smaller mounds near by, giving St. Louis her title of "Mound City."

With Dickens's statements concerning the St. Louis

summer climate, the publication, "All About St. Louis," does not, for one moment, agree. In it I find an article headed: "St. Louis has Better Weather than Other Cities," the preamble to which contains the following solemn truth:

*The weather question is purely local and individual. Every person forms his own opinion about the weather by the way it affects him, wherever he happens to be.*

Having made that clear, the writer becomes more specific. He informs us that, in St. Louis, "the prevailing winds in summer blow over the Ozark Mountains, insuring cool nights and pleasant days." Also that "during the summer the temperature does not run so high, and warm spells do not last so long as in many cities of the North." The latter statement is supported—as almost every statement in the world, it seems to me, can be supported—by statistics. What wonderful things statistics are! How I should like to have had Charles Dickens see these! How surprised he would be. How surprised I was—for I, too, have visited St. Louis in the middle of the year. Yes, and so has my companion. He went to St. Louis several years ago to attend the Democratic National Convention, but he is all right again now. I showed him the statistics. Clearly he was amazed by them.

"Why?" he cried. "I ought to have been told of this before!"

"What for?" I demanded.

"If I had had this information at the time of the convention," he declared, "I'd have known enough not to have been laid up in bed for six weeks with heat prostration."

### A Remediable Oversight

THOUGH the downtown portion of St. Louis is, as I have said, lacking in coherence and distinction, there are, nevertheless, a number of buildings in that section which are, for one reason or another, notable. The old Courthouse, on Chestnut and Market Streets, between Fourth and Fifth, is getting well along toward its centennial, and is interesting, both as a dignified old granite pile and as the scene of the whipping post, and of slave sales which were held upon its steps during the Civil War.

Not far from the old Courthouse stands another building typifying all that is modern—the largest office building in the world, a highly creditable structure, occupying an entire city block, built from designs by St. Louis architects: Mauran, Russell & Crowell. Another building, notable for its beauty, is the Central Public Library, a very simple, well-proportioned building of gray granite, designed by Cass Gilbert.

The St. Louis Union Station is interesting for several reasons. For a long time this station was the largest in the world; for all I know it may still be. At all events, it was important in this country as one of the first great stations of the modern type. It contains, under its roof, five and a half miles of track, and though it has been surpassed, architecturally, by some more recent stations, it is still a spectacular building—or rather it would be, were it not for its setting: among narrow streets, lined with cheap saloons, lunch rooms, and lodging houses. That any city capable of building such a splendid terminal could, at the same time, be capable of leaving it in such environment is a thing baffling to the comprehension. It must, however, be said that efforts have been made to improve this condition. Six or seven years ago the Civic League proposed to buy the property facing the station and turn it into a park. St. Louis somnolence defeated this project. The City Plan Commission now has a more elaborate suggestion which, if accepted by the city, will not only place the station in a proper setting, but also reclaim a large area, in the geographical center of the city, which has suffered a blight, and which is steadily deteriorating, although through it run the chief lines of travel between the business and residence portions of the city.

### Like the Champs-Élysées

THIS project, if accepted, will be a fine step toward the creation, in downtown St. Louis, of some outward indication of the real importance of the city. The plan involves the gutting of a strip, one block wide and two miles long; the tearing out of everything between Market and Chestnut Streets, all the way from Twelfth Street, which is the eastern boundary of the City Hall Square, to Grand Avenue on the west. Here it is proposed to construct a Central Traffic Parkway, which will pass directly in front of the station, connecting it with both the business and residence districts, and also pass in front of the Municipal Court Building and the City Hall, located further downtown. The plan involves an arrangement similar to that of the Champs-Élysées, with a wide central drive, parked on either side, for swift-moving vehicles, and exterior roads for heavy traffic. An expert in such work has said that "city planning has few functions more important than the restoration of impaired property values." American cities are coming to comprehend that investment in intelligently planned improvements, such as this, have to do not only with city dignity and city self-respect, but that they pay for themselves. If St. Louis wants to find that out, she has but to visit her

western neighbor, Kansas City, where Paseo Parkway did redeem a blighted district, transforming it into an excellent neighborhood, doubling or trebling the value of adjacent property, and, of course, yielding the city increased revenue from taxes.

### The Same Old Civic Indifference

A MATTER more deplorable than the setting of the station is the unparalleled situation which exists with regard to the Free Bridge. Though the echoes of this scandal have been heard, more or less, throughout the country, it is perhaps necessary to give a brief summary of the matter as it stands at present.

The three used bridges which cross the Mississippi River at St. Louis are privately controlled toll bridges. Working people, passing to and fro, are obliged to pay a five-cent toll in excess of car fare. Goods are also taxed. It was with the purpose of defeating this monopoly that the Free Bridge was constructed. But after the body of the bridge was built, factional fights developed as to the placing of approaches, and as a result the approaches have never been built. Thus, the bridge stands to-day, as it has stood for several years, a thing costly, grotesque, and useless, spanning the river, its two ends jutting out, inane, over the opposing shores. In the meantime the city is paying interest on the bridge bonds at the rate of something over \$300 per day. The question of approaches has come before the city at several elections, but the people have so far failed to vote the necessary bonds. The history of the voting on this subject plainly shows indifference. In one election the Twenty-eighth Ward, which is the rich and fashionable ward, cast only 2,325 votes, on the bridge question, out of a possible 6,732. Had the eligible voters of this ward, alone, done their duty, the issue would have been carried at the time, and the bridge would now be in operation.

One becomes accustomed to exhibitions of municipal indifference upon matters involving questions like reform, which, though they are not really abstract, often seem so to the average voter. Reforms are, relatively at least, invisible things. But the Free Bridge is not invisible. Far from it! There it stands above the stream, a grim, gargantuan joke, for every man to see—a tin can tied to a city's tail.

### Somewhat Apologetic

IN WRITING of St. Louis I feel, somehow, like a man who has been at a delightful house party where people have been very kind to him, and who, when he goes away, promulgates unpleasant truths about bad plumbing in the house. Yet, of course, St. Louis is a public place, to which I went with the avowed purpose of writing my impressions. The reader may be glad, at this point, to learn that some of my impressions are of a pleasant nature. But before I reach them I must plow on a little further through this substance, which, I am becoming very much afraid, resembles a kind of "muck."

St. Louis is involved in a fight with the United Railways Company, a corporation controlling its street railways. This company, which has been paying dividends on millions of watered stock, was reported by the Public Service Commission (Continued on page 20)



The three used bridges which cross the Mississippi River are privately controlled toll bridges. Working people, passing to and fro, are obliged to pay a five-cent toll. This is the Eads Bridge



The cathedral of which Dickens wrote remains, perhaps, the most sturdy building in the section which forms the old town. It is a venerable-looking pile of gray granite, built to last forever

1915

Overland



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Model 80 has a brand-new full stream line body. Its full sweeping lines blend

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The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and in depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer. The new long improved underslung springs supply unusual and easy riding qualities. This

model is equipped with the finest priced electric lighting systems. All switches, compact switch box, are conveniently located on the steering column. The driving position, with the seat forward or bending down, you can drive the car and cool the horn and all head, tail lights.

This model has left hand and center control.

The tires are large, this year 34"x4" all around. The tires are quickly detached from the rim.

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# Overland

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and wire of the high-  
tension and electric  
Alfa Liches, in a com-  
veniently located  
column. Thus in the  
with stretching for-  
ward you start the car,  
and cool the electric  
head, tail and dash  
has left hand drive  
control.  
e large this year, being  
and. The tires can be  
d from the rims which

are demountable. One extra rim supplied.

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

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FOUR PASSENGER  
COUPE..... \$1600

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

# Bealby

## Chapter X Bealby the Tramp

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED  
BY HENRY RALEIGH

**B**EALBY was loath to leave the caravan party, even when by his own gross negligence it had ceased to be a caravan party. He made off regretfully along the crest of the hills through bushes of yew and box until the clamor of the disaster was no longer in his ears. Then he halted for a time and stood sorrowing and listening, and then turned up by a fence along the border of a plantation and so came into a little, overhung road.

His ideas of his immediate future were vague in the extreme. He had a receptive expectation. Since his departure from the gardener's cottage circumstances had handed him on. They had been interesting but unstable circumstances. He supposed they would still hand him on. So far as he had any definite view about his intentions it was that he was running away to sea. And that he was getting hungry. It was also, he presently discovered, getting dark very gently and steadily. And the overhung road, after some tortuosities, expired suddenly upon the bosom of a great, gray, empty common with distant, mysterious hedges.

**I**T SEEMED high time to Bealby that something happened of a comforting nature. Always hitherto something or some one had come to his help when the world grew dark and cold and given him supper and put him or sent him to bed. Even when he had passed a night in the interstices of Shonts he had known there was a bed at quite a little distance under the stairs. If only that loud voice hadn't shouted curses whenever he moved, he would have gone to it. But as he went across this common in the gloaming it became apparent that this amiable routine was to be broken. For the first time he realized the world could be a homeless world.

And it had become very still. Disagreeably still, and full of ambiguous shadows.

That common was not only an unsheltered place, he felt, but an unfriendly place, and he hurried to a gate at the further end. He kept glancing to the right and to the left. It would be pleasanter when he had got through that gate and shut it after him.

In England there are no gray wolves.

Yet at times one thinks of wolves, gray wolves, the color of twilight, and running noiselessly, almost noiselessly, at the side of their prey for quite a long time before they close in on it.

In England, I say, there are no gray wolves.

Wolves were extinguished, in the reign of Edward the Third; it was in the histories, and since then no free wolf has trod the soil of England; only menagerie captives. Of course there may be escaped wolves!

Now the gate!—sharp through it and slam it behind you, and a little brisk run and so into this plantation that slopes downhill. This is a sort of path, vague, but it must be a path. Let us hope it is a path.

What was that among the trees?

It stopped, surely it stopped, as Bealby stopped. Pump, pump—Of course! that was one's heart.

**N**OTHING there! Just fancy. Wolves live in the open; they do not come into woods like this. And besides, there are no wolves. And if one shouts—even if it is but a phantom voice one produces, they go away. They are cowardly things—really. Such as there aren't. And there is the power of the human eye.

Which is why they stalk you and watch you and evade you when you look and creep and creep and creep behind you! Turn sharply. Nothing.

How this stuff rustled under the feet! In woods at twilight, with innumerable things darting from trees and eyes watching you everywhere, it would be pleasanter if one could walk without making quite such a row. Presently surely, Bealby told himself, he would come out on a highroad and meet other people and say "Good night" as they passed. Jolly other people they would be, answering "Good night." He was now going at a moistening trot. It was getting darker and he stumbled against things. When you tumble down wolves leap. Not, of course, that there are any wolves.

It was stupid to keep thinking of wolves in this way. Think of something else. Think of things beginning with a B. Beautiful things, boys, beads, butterflies, bears. The mind stuck at bears. Are there



such things as long gray bears? Ugh! Almost endless, noiseless bears? . . . It grew darker until at last the trees were black. The night was swallowing up the flying Bealby and he had a preposterous persuasion that it had teeth and would begin at the back of his legs. . . .

"Hi!" cried Bealby weakly, hailing the glow of the fire out of the darkness of the woods above. The man by the fire peered at the sound; he had been listening to the stumbling footsteps for some time, and he answered nothing.

**I**N ANOTHER minute Bealby had struggled through the hedge into the visible world and stood regarding the man by the fire. The phantom wolves had fled beyond Sirius. But Bealby's face was pale still from the terrors of the pursuit and altogether he looked a smallish sort of small boy.

"Lost?" said the man by the fire.

"Couldn't find my way," said Bealby.

"Anyone with you?"

"No." The man reflected. "Tired?"

"Bit."

"Come and sit down by the fire and rest yourself. I won't 'urt you," he added as Bealby hesitated.

So far in his limited experience Bealby had never seen a human countenance lit from behind by a flickering red flame. The effect he found remarkable rather than pleasing. It gave him the most active and unstable countenance Bealby had ever seen. The nose seemed to be in active oscillation between Pug and Roman, the eyes jumped out of black caves and then went back into them, the more permanent features appeared to be a vast triangle of neck and chin. The tramp would have impressed Bealby as altogether inhuman if it had not been for the smell of cooking he diffused. There were onions in it and turnips and pepper—mouth-watering constituents, testimonials to virtue. He was making a stew in an old can that he had slung on a cross stick over a brisk fire of twigs that he was constantly replenishing.

"I won't 'urt you, darn you," he repeated. "Come and sit down on these leaves here for a bit and tell me all abart it."

**B**EALBY did as he was desired. "I got lost," he said, feeling too exhausted to tell a good story.

The tramp, examined more closely, became less pyrotechnic. He had a large, loose mouth, a confused, massive nose, much long, fair hair, a broad chin with a promising beard and spots—a lot of spots. His eyes looked out of deep sockets and they were sharp little eyes. He was a lean man. His hands were large and long and they kept on with the feeding of the fire as he sat

and talked to Bealby. Once or twice he leaned forward and smelt the pot judiciously, but all the time the little eyes watched Bealby very closely. "Lose yer collar?" said the tramp.

Bealby felt for his collar. "I took it off," he said.

"Come far?"

"Over there," said Bealby.

"Where?"

"Over there."

"What place?"

"I don't know the right name of it."

"Then it ain't your 'ome?"

"No."

"You've run away," said the man.

"P'raps I 'ave," said Bealby.

"P'raps you 'ave! Why p'raps? You 'ave! What's the good of telling lies abart it? When'd you start?"

"Monday," said Bealby.

**T**HE tramp reflected. "Had about enough of it?" "Dunno," said Bealby truthfully.

"Like some soup?"

"Yes."

"Ow much?"

"I could do with a lot," said Bealby.

"Ah, yah! I didn't mean that. I meant, 'ow much for some? 'Ow much will you pay for a nice, nice 'arf can of soup? I ain't a darn charity. See?"

"Tuppence," said Bealby.

The tramp shook his head slowly from side to side and took out the battered iron spoon he was using to stir the stuff and tasted the soup lusciously. It was—jolly good soup and there were potatoes in it.

"Thrippence," said Bealby.

"Ow much you got?" asked the tramp.

Bealby hesitated perceptibly. "Sixpence," he said weakly.

"It's sixpence," said the tramp. "Pay up."

"Ow big a can?" asked Bealby.

The tramp felt about in the darkness behind him and produced an empty can with a jagged mouth that had once contained, the label witnessed—I quote, I do not justify—"Deep Sea Salmon." "That," he said, "and this chunk of bread. . . . Right enough?"

"You will do it?" said Bealby.

"Do I look a swindle?" cried the tramp, and suddenly a lump of the abundant hair fell over one eye in a singularly threatening manner. Bealby handed over the sixpence without further discussion. "I'll treat you fairly, you see," said the tramp, after he had spat on and pocketed the sixpence, and he did as much. He decided that the soup was ready to be served and he served it with care. Bealby began at once. "There's a nextry onion," said the tramp, throwing one over. "It didn't cost me much and I gives it you for nothin'. That's all right, eh? Here's 'ealth!"

**B**EALBY consumed his soup and bread meekly with one eye upon his host. He would, he decided, eat all he could and then sit a little while and then get this tramp to tell him the way to—anywhere else. And the tramp wiped soup out of his can with gobbets of bread very earnestly and meditated sagely on Bealby.

"You better pal in with me, matey, for a bit," he said at last. "You can't go nowhere else—not to-night."

"Couldn't I walk perhaps to a town or sumpting?"

"These woods ain't safe."

"Ow d'you mean?"

"Ever 'eard tell of a gurgillia?—sort of big black monkey thing."

"Yes," said Bealby faintly.

"There's been one loose abart 'ere—oh, week or more. Fact. And if you wasn't a grown-up man quite and going along in the dark, well—'e might say something to you. . . . Of course 'e wouldn't do nothing where there was a fire or a man—but a little chap like you. I wouldn't like to let you do it, 'strewth I wouldn't. It's risky. 'Course I don't want to keep you. There it is. You go if you like. But I'd rather you didn't. 'Onest."

"Where'd he come from?" asked Bealby.

"M'nagery," said the tramp. "E very near bit through the fist of a chap that tried to stop 'im."

Bealby, after weighing tramp and gorilla carefully in his mind, decided he wouldn't and drew closer to the fire—but not too close—and the conversation deepened.



It was a long and rambling conversation, and the tramp displayed himself at times as quite an amiable person. It was a discourse varied by interrogations, and, as a thread of departure and return, it dealt with the life of the road and with life at large and—life, and with matters of "must" and "may."

Sometimes, and more particularly at first, Bealby felt as though a ferocious beast lurked in the tramp and peeped out through the fallen hank of hair and might leap out upon him, and sometimes he felt the tramp was large and fine and gay and amusing, more particularly when he lifted his voice and his bristling chin. And ever and again the talker became a nasty creature and a disgusting creature, and his red-lit face was an ugly, creeping approach that made Bealby recoil. And then again he was strong and wise. So the unstable needle of a boy's moral compass spins.

THE tramp used strange terms. He spoke of the "deputy" and the "doss house," of the "spike" and "padding the hoof," of "screevers" and "tarts" and "copper's narks." To these words Bealby attached such meanings as he could, and so the things of which the tramp talked floated unsafely into his mind, and again and again he had to readjust and revise his interpretations. And through these dim and fluctuating veils a new side of life dawned upon his consciousness—a side that was strange and lawless and dirty—in every way dirty—and dreadful and—attractive. That was the queer thing about it, that attraction. It had humor. For all its squalor and repulsiveness it was lit by defiance and laughter, bitter laughter perhaps, but laughter. It had a gaiety that Mr. Mergleson, for example, did not possess; it had a penetration, like the penetrating quality of onions or acids or asafetida, that made the memory of Mr. Darling insipid.

The tramp assumed from the outset that Bealby had "done something" and run away, and some mysterious etiquette prevented his asking directly what was the nature of his offense. But he made a number of insidious soundings. And he assumed that Bealby was taking to the life of the road, and that, until good cause to the contrary appeared, they were to remain together. "It's a tough life," he said, "but it has its points, and you got a toughish look about you."

HE TALKED of roads and the quality of roads and countryside. This was a good countryside: it wasn't overdone and there was no great hostility to wanderers and sleeping out. Some roads—the London to Brighton, for example, if a chap struck a match somebody came running. But here, unless you went pulling the haystacks about too much, they left you alone. And they weren't such dead nuts on their pheasants, and one had a chance of an empty cowshed. "If I've spotted a shed or anything with a roof to it I stay out," said the tramp, "even if it's raining cats and dogs. Otherwise it's the doss 'ouse or the spike. It's the rain is the worst thing—getting wet. You haven't been wet yet, not if you only started Monday. Wet—with a chilly wind to drive it. Gaw! I been blown out of a holly hedge. You would think there'd be protection in a holly hedge. . . ."

"Spike's the last thing," said the tramp. "I'd rather go bare-gutted to a doss 'ouse anywhen. Gaw!—you've not 'ad your first taste of the spike yet."

But it wasn't heaven in the doss houses. He spoke of several of the landladies in strange but, it would seem, unflattering terms. "And there's always such a blamed lot of washing going on in a doss 'ouse. Always washing they are! One chap's washing 'is socks and another's washing 'is shirt. Making a steam drying it. Disgustin'. Can't see what they want with it all. Bland to git dirty again. . . ."

HE DISCOURSED of spikes—that is to say, of workhouses and of masters. "An' then," he said with revolting yet alluring adjectives, "there's the bath."

"That's the worst side of it," said the tramp. . . . "Owver, it doesn't always rain, and if it doesn't rain—well, you can keep yourself dry."

He came back to the pleasanter aspects of the nomadic life. He was all for the outdoor style. "Ain't we comfortable 'ere?" he asked. He sketched out the simple larcenies that had contributed and given zest to the evening's meal. But it seemed there were also doss houses that had the agreeable side. "Never been in one!" he said. "But where you been sleeping since Monday?"

BEALBY described the caravan in phrases that seemed suddenly thin and anemic to his ears.

"You hit it lucky," said the tramp. "If a chap's a kid, he strikes all sorts of luck of that sort. Now ef I come up against three ladies travelin' in a van—think they'd arst me in? Not it!"

He dwelt with manifest envy on the situation and the possibilities of the situation for some time. "You ain't dangerous," he said; "that's where you get in. . . ."

He consoled himself by anecdotes of remarkable good fortunes of a kindred description. Apparently he sometimes traveled in the company of a lady named Izzy Berners—"a fair scorchin', been a regular, slap-up circus actress." And there was also "good old Susan." It was a little difficult for Bealby to see the point of some of these flashes by a tendency on the part of the tramp while his thoughts turned on these matters to adopt a staccato style of speech, punctuated by brief, darkly significant guffaws. There grew in the mind of Bealby a vision of the doss house as a large, crowded place, lit by a great central fire, with much cooking afoot and much jawing and disputing going on, and then "me and Izzy sailed in. . . ."

THE fire sank, the darkness of the woods seemed to creep nearer. The moonlight pierced the trees only in long beams that seemed to point steadfastly at unseen things; it made patches of ashen light that looked like watching faces. Under the tramp's direction Bealby skirmished round and got sticks and fed the fire until the darkness and thoughts of a possible gorilla were driven back for some yards and the tramp pronounced the blaze a "fair treat." He had

tion and made him raise his head to watch them. . . . Against the terrors of the night the tramp had become humanity, the species, the moral basis. His voice was full of consolation; his topics made one forget the watchful, silent circumambient. Bealby's first distrusts faded. He began to think the tramp a fine, brotherly, generous fellow. He was also growing accustomed to a faint something—shall I call it an olfactory bar?—that had hitherto kept them apart. The monologue ceased to devote itself to the elucidation of Bealby; the tramp was lying on his back with his fingers interlaced beneath his head and talking not so much to his companion as to the stars and the universe at large. His theme was no longer the wandering life simply, but the wandering life as he had led it, and the spiritedness with which he had led it and the real and admirable quality of himself. It was that soliloquy of consolation which is the secret preservative of innumerable lives.

HE WANTED to make it perfectly clear that he was a tramp by choice. He also wanted to make it clear that he was a tramp and no better, because of the wicked folly of those he had trusted and the evil devices of enemies. In the world that contained those figures of spirit, Isabel Berners and Susan, there was also, it seemed, a bad and spiritless person, the tramp's wife, who had done him many passive injuries. It was clear she did not appreciate her blessings. She had been much to blame. "Anybody's opinion is better than 'er 'usband's," said the tramp. "Always 'as been." Bealby had a sudden memory of Mr. Darling saying exactly the same thing of his mother. "She's the sort," said the tramp, "what would rather go to a meetin' than a music 'all. She'd rather drop a shilling down a crack than spend it on anything decent. If there was a choice of jobs going she'd ask which 'ad the lowest pay and the longest hours and she'd choose that. She'd feel safer. She was born scared. When there wasn't anything else to do she'd stop at 'ome and scrub the floors. Gaw! It made a chap want to put the darn' pall over 'er

'ead, so's she'd get enough of it. . . ."

"I don't hold with all this crawling through life and saying *Please*," said the tramp. "I say it's *my* world just as much as it's *your* world. You may have your 'orses and carriages, your 'ouses and country places and all that and you may think Gawd sent me to run abart and work for you; but I don't. See?"

BEALBY saw. "I seek my satisfactions just as you seek your satisfactions, and if you want to get me to work, you've jolly well got to make me. I don't choose to work. I choose to keep on my own and a bit loose and take my chance where I find it. You got to take your chances in this world. Sometimes they come bad and sometimes they come good. And very often you can't tell which it is when they 'ave come. . . ."

Then he fell to questioning Bealby again and then he talked of the immediate future.

He was beating for the seaside. "Always something doing," he said. "You got to keep your eye on for cops; those seaside benches, they're 'ot on tramps—give you a month for begging soon as look at you—but there's flats dropping sixpences thick as flies on a sore 'orse. You're wanted there for all sorts of jobs. You're the chap for it, matey. Saw it soon's ever I set eyes on you. . . ."

Finally he became more personal and very flattering. "Now you and me," he said, suddenly shifting himself quite close to Bealby, "we're going to be downright pals. I've took a liking to you. Me and you are going to pal together. See?"

He breathed into Bealby's face and laid a hand on his knee and squeezed it, and Bealby, on the whole, felt honored by his protection. . . .

IN THE unsympathetic light of a bright and pushful morning the tramp was shorn of much of his overnight glamour. It became manifest that he was not merely offensively unshaven but extravagantly dirty. It was not ordinary (Concluded on page 28)



*Sometimes . . . Bealby felt as though a ferocious beast lurked in the tramp . . . and might leap out upon him, and sometimes he felt the tramp was large and fine and gay and amusing, more particularly when he lifted his voice*

made a kind of bed of leaves which he now invited Bealby to extend and share, and, lying feet to the fire, he continued his discourse. He talked of stealing and cheating by various endearing names; he made these enterprises seem adventurous and facetious; there was, it seemed, a peculiar sort of happy find one came upon called a "flat," that it was not only entertaining but obligatory to swindle. He made fraud seem so smart and bright at times that Bealby found it difficult to keep a firm grasp on the fact that it was—fraud. . . .

Bealby lay upon the leaves close up to the prone body of the tramp and his mind and his standards became confused. The tramp's body was a dark but protecting ridge on one side of him; he could not see the fire beyond his toes, but its flickerings were reflected by the tree stems about them and made perplexing sudden movements that at times caught his atten-



# Pickups of Sport

By Grantland Rice



## The Art of Getting Around

CHARLEY HERZOG, the Maryland cantaloupe grower who has been using a grappling hook on the Reds this season in an attempt to lift them out of the rut, recently inaugurated an interesting experiment in baseball offense.

Herzog decided in his own mind that with a runner on first the sacrifice was useless and the hit-and-run was worse. He figured that with a runner possessing any sort of speed, the only system was to steal.

Before establishing the system fully Herzog decided to try the plan out.

The next sixteen times that he managed to reach first base the Red leader launched his wiry body into a steal. He reached second safely fifteen times and was thrown out but once. A general order to steal was then issued and for many weeks Herzog kept his team in the first division when much better individual material was well below him. For a system of attack that with a fair runner can register fifteen out of sixteen times is certainly well beyond any other method now known.

Base running as a portion of the game's offense is as important as batting, and yet only three or four leaders have been wise enough to handle this winning art in any but a perfunctory way.

The Giants have led their league in base running for four years and are now on their way to their fourth consecutive pennant. Which is part of the answer, at any rate.

## Bringing It Home

EUROPEAN war maneuvers failed to impress Americans deeply one way or another until it was announced that the war scare was "driving the White Hopes back to United States soil."

At which point the gravity of the situation and its tremendous seriousness struck America with stunning force.

## In Another War

IT MAY have been Germany who showed the keenest desire for hostilities, but the names of those who have been doing the greatest amount of flag fighting on this side of the world are McGillicuddy, McGraw, Carrigan, and O'Day. Which would indicate that the Teutonic influence in our martial affairs is not exactly at record mark.

## Over the Centuries

I remember—I remember—  
As Tom Hood used to say—  
When Caesar led the Roman League  
And Pompey used to play;  
When Homer's paper sent him down  
To cover games at Troy,  
And Honus Wagner, bare of foot,  
Was but a little boy.

I remember—I remember—  
(Well, Hood repeated, too)—  
When Virgil had a story,  
Saying Romulus was through;  
When Alexander swept the world  
Until his arm went lame,  
And Matty, at his father's side,  
Had never won a game.

I remember—I remember—  
Achilles up at bat;  
And how he swung on Hector's speed  
And drove him to the mat;  
And when poor Hector turned and watched  
The drive sail out of reach,  
The knot-hole kid who hollered "Cheese!"  
Was little Tommy Leach.

## Boosting the Game

IF THERE was any touch of dishonesty to baseball, the New York Americans would have a winning team. A winner in New York is a gold mine, with diamond settings.

So while the struggling Yanks have failed to reach out and gather any flags, they should possess themselves of a buoyant soul in the knowledge that they have contributed additional testimony to the innate honesty of their profession.

## The Secret of Golf

GOLF has developed through the experts into such a mystery that only psychic souls may grope therein for the answer.

As a matter of fact, there are but two main essentials to the game—and both are out in the open.

1. To keep one's head still when making the swing.
2. The development of a natural swing, through practice, that comes to its climax of power as the club head strikes the ball.

Take these two—plus natural knack—and the answer is simple—ranging anywhere from a 72 to a 128—depending largely upon the naturalness of the aforesaid knack.

## Dipping Into the Future

"THEN I dipped into the future far as human eye could see," wrote the late Mr. Tennyson. He had little on McGraw. Two years ago McGraw landed a young shortstop named Milton Stock. He watched Stock work out some thirty minutes one day at short and then called him in.

"You're not a shortstop," he said; "you're a natural third baseman. Move over to the bag."

Stock, young and inexperienced, was sent back to the minors, where he was promptly moved back to short. He was only an average shortstop even in minor-league competition. This spring McGraw called him back, shifted him again to third, and within two months young Stock was accounted one of the greatest third-base discoveries of the decade.

How did McGraw, who saw him play short for thirty minutes, know his natural sphere of endeavor was at third? You can frisk us. That's one of the reasons the Giant leader gets \$30,000 a year—and one of the reasons why he earns it.

## Cut Shots

The difference between a hero and a coward—between a star and a dub—is too often the matter of one day's digestion.

This good advice to duffers is posted out at Scarsdale: "Remember you are off your game only when you're playing well. Save your alibis for that occasion."

It may be more heroic to play a poor hand well than to hold a good one. But for all that give us a pat king full and we'll tackle a C. J. Caesar operating a brace of deuces.

The pity of it is that those "left on bases" are generally the ones who have driven in the runs.

## For the Good of the Game

SOME time early this winter representative mag-nates and ball players should hold a session and establish a just working code that will for all time end the constant wranglings and bickerings that have disgraced baseball for some time past.

One suggestion would be to add to the National Commission three ball players to be selected by the Fraternity, the six to vote upon or to select a seventh member who shall round out the board.

There has been a wide and growing breach between the players and the commission, and for the good of the game this breach should be closed. If the club owners decide that Ban Johnson, John K. Tener, and Garry Herrmann shall represent them, why not let the players add three such people as Christy Mathewson, Jake Daubert, and George McBride.

Whether this move is made or not there should most certainly be some general conference after the campaign is over that will lift the game back to its old place and establish a mutual understanding for seasons on beyond. There has been too much of the other, and if the owners and players fail to act, the public that comprises Rooters' Row soon will.

## Among Ourselves

AT EKWANOK, located at Manchester, Vt., the next two weeks will develop the most interesting golf competition in American golf history.

This tournament will find, among other stars, our three leading English invaders battling among themselves. It will be more than usually interesting to see how Messrs. Travers, Evans, and Oulmet fare without the unseemly activities of English and Scotch rivals.

And it will be unusually interesting to see just what effect that English breakdown through staleness will have upon the iron nerves of champion Jerry. Whether, having discovered at last that nerves can slip from one's control, he can still regain his old mastery of a fighting nervous force.

There is no record of any tournament that offers so keen a study of golfing psychology.

## The Amateur's Wail

The Amateur tore his hair  
And wept aloud in dull despair.

"Alas," he cried, "this year has been  
The toughest one in all my ken."

"I've only made expenses and  
About four thousand safe in hand."

"Some months I've hardly made a cent  
Above my grocery bills and rent."

"I've hardly gathered as much dough  
As some professionals I know."

"I guess," he murmured with a sob,  
"I'll have to go and get a job."

## Four Flags in a Row

THOSE who have watched the Giants at work this summer understand at last just why it is that no club in forty years has won four pennants in a row.

Despite the fact that all opposition this season has been well below past standards, the Giants have been fighting desperately over two months to keep their tanned features out in front of the parade. And it has only been their desperate fighting that has held them in front so long. The drive and smash necessary to win three straight flags have shown all year. Normal .300 hitters are batting around .250. Usually steady athletes in the field have shown tendencies to flutter and break at close intervals. There has been a natural let-down all around in Giant play. For the most part it has been a case of McGraw using the whip hand without rest—and the enduring Mathewson keeping at his best despite all laws of gravity and the game.

## Mixing 'Em Up

CHRISTY MATHEWSON is a master artist when it comes to mixing up a bewildering assortment of slow balls, speed, curves, and fadeaways.

But Matty's wisdom goes even beyond that. In place of centering his entire attention upon one game from mid-February to mid-October, a stretch of eight months, the Miracle Man of the Mound finally decided to mix up games as well and so relieve the tension and the staleness.

By taking up golf he was able to shift his mind entirely from baseball twice a week. And by pitching a few games of baseball here and there he was able to escape the wild frenzy of the average golfing debutante.

As a result of which he was able to enter August leading both leagues in the box despite his fourteen years of servitude—and was able to average 85 at golf despite only one year's concentration on the game.

Matty has made wonderful strides at golf through his fourteen-year training at making his muscles obey his brain. He rarely fizzes. His timing is generally good despite a form that is not yet wholly orthodox. It is even possible that by deeper concentration on the game after he quits baseball he may even skirt the championship ranks. But in the meanwhile he still has one or two good ball games left in his old right flipper. One or two—plus several more.





fatalists, they argued that it was best to wait until Chance showed the way.

So they discussed, and so they argued, while Bunga, standing alone on his porch, watched Captain Duncan disappear into the night. He had asked the Captain to dinner; the Captain could not very well refuse; the meal had not been altogether pleasant for either one. Abhorring capitulation, the little man still nursed a secret hope that his officers, among whom Duncan was the leading spirit, would come to accept his view with enthusiasm. But all through the meal Captain Duncan had been put to it to hide his cold dislike. Neither could he agree, as officers usually try to agree with their commanders, when Major Drew again mentioned the constabulary in an effort to exemplify what the Theory will do for an outfit which has it kneaded into their spines.

"Why," he had said, "those little devils over there held Bacobog, they say, when outnumbered eight to one. And not one hope of ever getting out alive. They stuck around their colors."

"Ye-es," admitted Duncan, choosing

his words with care. "They did. Only—I define the word differently. It hardly seems possible to me that those uneducated semisavages have any conception of a theory. It was Allen they stayed with. He was their color."

"Perhaps so," Bunga had nodded. "at the time. Nevertheless, I maintain that those little fellows have advanced to a point in soldierdom where anyone with the commanding ability of Allen could hold them anywhere. I hate to say it, being an American, but right now any one of those constabulary privates is worth any five of ours in a pinch."

To this Duncan had not replied, making his disapproval manifest by his very silence; hence Bunga's heavy sigh when he watched the big man walk away. Then, with a sudden squaring of his shoulders, Bunga stepped down to the ground and walked over to Captain Allen's quarters.

At their first meeting something mutual had leaped from eye to eye. Watching the tall youth drill his little charges, Bunga sensed at once that here was a man who had labored and sweated and damned his company up and down parade as he himself had done with his own constabulary back in Mindanao, till from the ungodly mass of filthy hill clay there grew a company of reliant, vibrant soldiers. Their first talk verified it; the constabulary captain fully understood and appreciated Bunga Doo's position. "Yes, sir," he said, "we're sitting on a boiling pot. The natives were afraid of the Fifty-second when they were here—the Fifty-second were seasoned men. If anything happens, though, Major, you can count on us."

BUNGA went off with a fresh determination to "buck up" to his work. "I'll drill into them the self-obliterating idea of what that flag embodies or break them, every one!" he gruffed. Forthwith, on the next day, when he passed one of the nipa barracks and overheard a group of privates voicing their opinion of the crazy

## The Colors of Our Battalion

(Continued from page 10)

evening parades, he made them march back and forth past the "rag" for four straight steady hours, bringing their right hand up in salute each time they passed.

This incident offset the order he had given the day before. In the United States army each man is allotted so much for food in actual cash. It is credited on the company books and spent according to the company commander's wish. He can "make savings," in army vernacular, or "feed well" at his discretion. Thus one company may be "eating fine," while the one next door is "going on the slim." This Bunga put a stop to. He said he saw no reason why one enlisted man was entitled to more than another of equal merit. Peter must draw as much as Paul.

FOR this the men should have been grateful. But when the undisciplined recruits thought of the fatiguing, six-hour drills in the boiling sun, and the inevitable punishments for having even one but-

self, I could cope with this. They won't, though. They won't boil their water, they won't stop eating of the family is dead—"

"By gad, I'll take a hand with them!" said Bunga. Forthwith he ordered the first sergeants to detail emergency squads, and, with the officers taking regular turns, set out to "police" the town.

"First man I want to see is that presidente," he told Captain Duncan. So he ordered the man before him.

"Señor Ybarra," he said, "I expect you to lend your influence now. We're going to try to save lives whether they want to be saved or not. What is written is not always written. You come with me and act as interpreter."

"But," explained Ybarra, "I find that I must act as a minister giving the last rites. Father Rial left town yesterday."

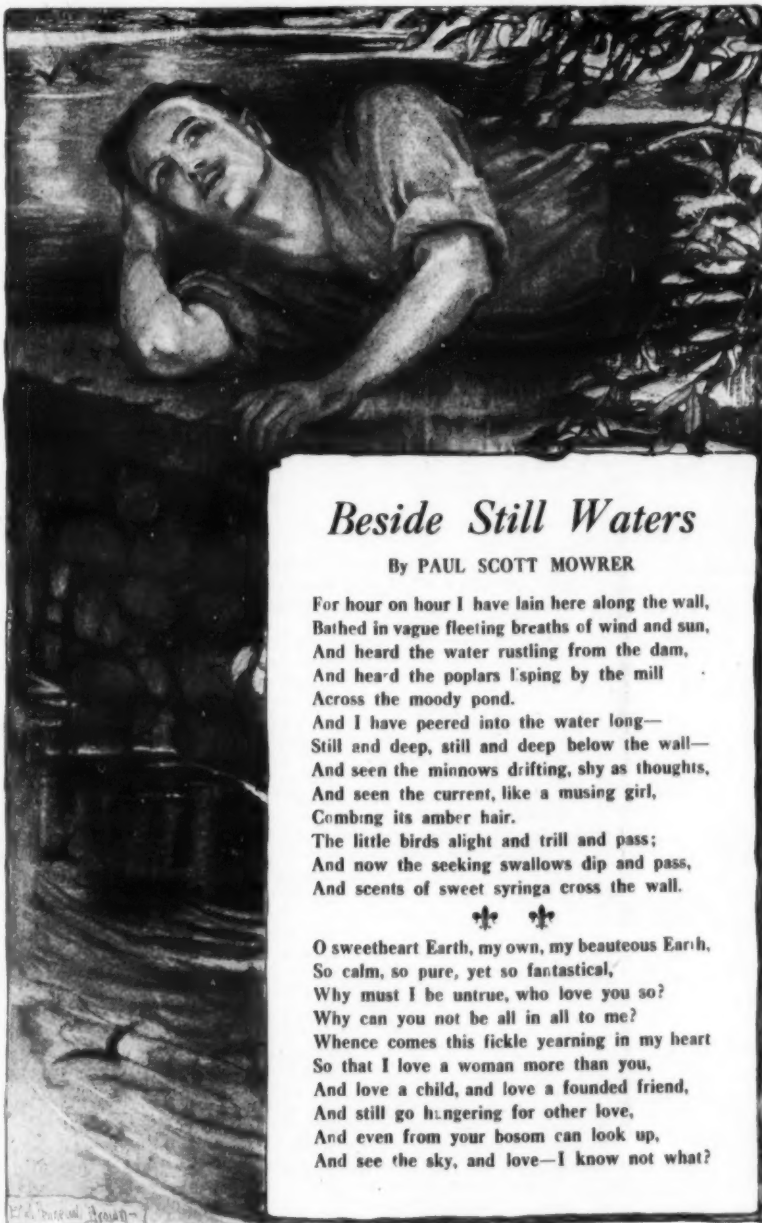
Bunga scratched his head, then

passed a brisk, lean hand over a spot where once an ear had been. "All right," he suddenly decided. "I suppose some one has to say the prayers. You may go back to the church."

Then the parties started on their rounds. They were unsavory rounds, not to be described. In spite of the danger of infection, the natives would not give up their beloved dead till force was used. Bunga was everywhere at once. He ordered that no soldier should touch a mouthful of food or drink a drop of water save that issued out under the doctor's supervision, with a general court-martial as the alternative; the natives were threatened with the water cure. All that night, with Captain Allen and the constabulary assisting, he and his khaki squads patrolled the town, till, at the first streak of approaching dawn, he sought his quarters in utter weariness.

The little Major's eyes were far back in his head. It had been a distressing night. His ears rang with the cries of mourning natives. White-eyed, pain-racked faces trooped past him in ghostly array. He heard again the creak of carabao carts carrying the dead to the churchyard through the darkened lanes. He heard, too, the distant thud of falling dirt as the natives buried the dead in the graveyard, surrounded by the same stone wall that hid the lower part of the cathedral from view. Again the lizards

mocked at him, while the sighing of the age-old palms filled him with that indefinable, yet ever-present, sadness of the ancient East; and, suddenly, the lonely little man wished ardently that he, too, could join in at the mess, where all the other officers were washing the night's taste out of their mouths with Scotch and soda. Secretly he regretted having had to speak brusquely to some of them; neither did he recall with pleasure an episode of the night when he sent nine men from C Company to the guard-house for drinking water from a native gourd. "Blankety blank!" he exclaimed, giving his sparse locks a vicious pat with his brushes; "it isn't because I hate them. If they could only understand—oh, hell!" He moved irresolutely toward a secret drawer, where lay the photograph of his wife who died the year before. Then



### Beside Still Waters

By PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

For hour on hour I have lain here along the wall,  
Bathed in vague fleeting breaths of wind and sun,  
And heard the water rustling from the dam,  
And heard the poplars l'ping by the mill  
Across the moody pond.  
And I have peered into the water long—  
Still and deep, still and deep below the wall—  
And seen the minnows drifting, shy as thoughts,  
And seen the current, like a musing girl,  
Combing its amber hair.  
The little birds alight and trill and pass;  
And now the seeking swallows dip and pass,  
And scents of sweet sylvia cross the wall.



O sweetheart Earth, my own, my beauteous Earth,  
So calm, so pure, yet so fantastical,  
Why must I be untrue, who love you so?  
Why can you not be all in all to me?  
Whence comes this fickle yearning in my heart  
So that I love a woman more than you,  
And love a child, and love a founded friend,  
And still go hungering for other love,  
And even from your bosom can look up,  
And see the sky, and love—I know not what?

ton dirty on parade, their hatred, killed all gratitude. And the officers resented the order as much as they did the daily battalion drills. It is not well in the eyes of a company commander to reduce him to a cabinet membership where he has been a czar.

THEN before he had a chance to swing the sullen current into the proper channel the cholera broke out at San Fernal.

It came, as cholera does, without any sort of warning. It came; it was; it killed. Apathetic natives died like sheep. The American doctors did their best, which proved but little; the place became a pesthouse in a night.

"My God!" complained the captain doctor to Bunga Doo. "If these natives would make any attempt to protect them-



### Do You Know How to Walk?

WHAT helps to make flat feet? Answer: Walking with toes pointed out. You throw all your weight on the arches, until they break and fall.


Point your toes straight ahead; throw your weight on the outside of your feet! That's the way to walk with a spring and a bounce. That's one recipe for getting rid of flat feet.

The other recipe is to get your feet out of narrow, pointed shoes and into roomy, good-looking Educators, which give nature a chance to put your corns, bunions, ingrowing nails and flat feet to flight. Send for

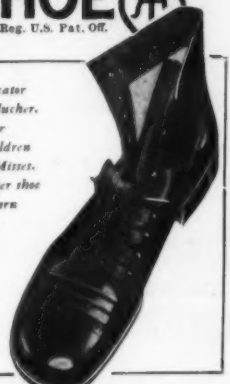
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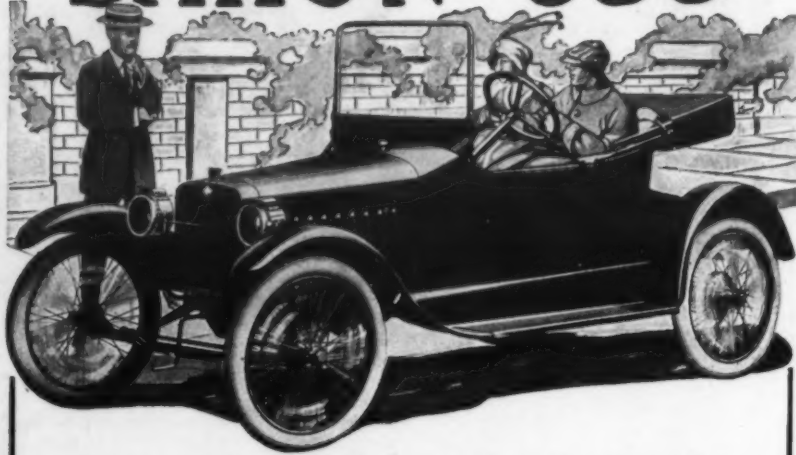
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**We will save you BIG MONEY**

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he jerked his head back, took off and carefully folded his khaki blouse, and lay down with a beloved copy of Longfellow to lull his jumping brain to sleep. An ingrained sadness lay deep in the tired eyes, for, away from his martial duties, which were his bread and air, the little man was more than ordinarily lonely.

EVENTUALLY he dozed; and while he lay there the dawn came up from Asia in the vanguard of a red-hot, sizzling day. There was no drill that morning. On the west side of the plaza the brown constabulary soldiers lolled about their veranda, while on the southern side, where the American barracks stood, the tired recruits gathered in the shade of their own verandas, discussing incidents of the gruesome night. Few Filipinos were in sight, save those who passed along the street that skirted the east side of the square. These generally turned

aside to enter the great gate of the churchyard on the north. Generally these were mourning parties following a carabao cart in which rested a wooden coffin.

"Ugh!" muttered the sergeant of the guard as another funeral came by. "That makes seven this morning." The guardhouse stood in the southeast corner of the square, facing the east calle. Thus he could see all the processions approaching. "Cheerful doings, eh?"

"Cheerful is right!" grunted a corporal. "Here comes another one."

They looked, and it was true; and in ten minutes a ninth procession turned a distant corner. Then something dawned upon the sergeant.

"By crimony, it seems to me these hombres are getting mighty willing to bury their dead with no patrol to chase them along," he muttered.

"Yes," said the corporal. "And how comes it those mourners ain't coming back out of that church?"

HE turned suddenly suspicious eyes toward the silent stone wall, which now took on a forbidding, sinister aspect.

"There's something queer about it," said the sergeant. "I feel it in my skin. But keep mum. Brown, you slip over and call the officer o' the day."

Thus, in twenty minutes, when the next funeral came along, was the sergeant fully prepared for an investigation. At a word from the officer of the day an armed squad stepped out from the shady interior of the guardroom and strode into the white heat of the road. The black carabao stopped, turning his patient head in bovine curiosity toward the six-foot sentry who grabbed his nose rope. A wail arose from the mourners. One protested; another muttered; suddenly one fled. By that time the officer of the day was in the cart with a rifle in his hand, and the bayonet inserted as a pry under the coffin lid.

"They're closing the churchyard gates!" yelled a private.

Almost simultaneously a wild yell sounded behind the gates, and a shot sang overhead. The coffin lid came off, disclosing a box load of ammunition and rifles; in the next breath the officer fell, shot through the head, while from five hundred unsuspected portholes in the church wall there roared a blaze of rifle fire that filled the air with lead.

CONSTERNATION seized the American troops. Here a man fell, screaming; three of the guard pitched on their faces without a sound; men stumbled over one another in vacating the verandas, where thudding lead was tearing the wood to splinters. When Bunga Doo came tearing into sight, there was not a man left in the verandas save the helpless wounded, while only a fourth of those

who had left the riddled barracks had stopped to get their rifles.

The little man saw; and, seeing, gave vent to a sound that was both a sob and a yell of savage joy. For—though his battalion had been caught in a hellish jam—here was the chance.

"Form companies there!" he bawled at the officers who came running up. "Form companies and send those men into the barracks after their rifles!"

This was much easier ordered than executed. The officers formed the men after a fashion, and as often as not with the flat of the sword—for even officers, who don't believe in theories, have reasons for liking better to see a soldier with a rifle than without. The men, however, huddled. To return for rifles into barracks that were filled with flying lead was something the recruiting sergeant had not mentioned in Ohio. Some started, but sullenly and falteringly and with

pitiable apprehension; and at this Bunga called out in agonized impatience: "Great God! Suppose those Gu-gus charge us now? Here, Captain Duncan, and you, Mr. Turner, come with me." With that he ran on into the nearest barracks, fully expecting his officers to follow.

The officers did follow; they were West Pointers. And Captain Duncan yelled back to the men: "Come on, some of you! Isn't there a man among you? Come on in here and help get these rifles so we can get out of here!"

Above the roar the big voice

carried to Bunga Doo. "We're not going to get out of here!" he snapped as he wrestled with an arm load of guns. "Before God, we're going to charge!"

Captain Duncan gasped incredulously; but just then Lieutenant Turner pitched lengthwise across his feet, and the big man hastened on with his work. This consisted in passing out rifles across window sills creased with ugly furrows and bristling with jagged splinters; the belts and boxes of ammunition were thrown out after them. In a few seconds other officers jumped in to help; then some of the men; for a man, individually, does not have to be a soldier to be a man.

But each link of any chain must bear an equal strain; and an army must contain a big percentage of human beings who were not men's men before they came into the army.

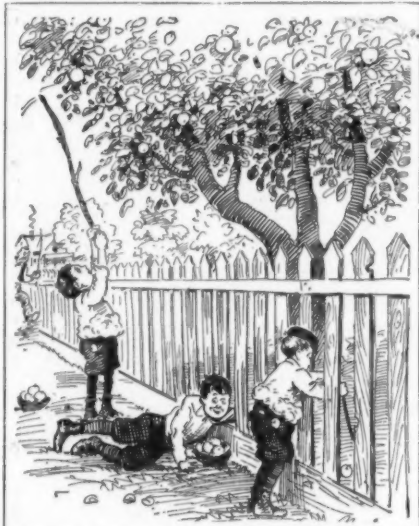
THEREFORE, when Bunga tried to form the battalion behind the barracks for an immediate attack, the small number of men could not make up for the majority who were neither men nor soldiers.

"My God!" protested Captain Duncan, you don't mean to order those men straight into the face of that, do you? Major, can't you reconsider and wait till night, so we can barricade and then starve them out? We'll lose half the battalion."

"We'll lose half the mob or make a battalion!" barked the commander. "Form your company and move out on the right flank, Captain Duncan."

Captain Duncan obeyed, but his commands were devoid of thrill. And where officers are leadlike on their feet, what can one expect of the ranks? Bunga ran out into the open square, calling on them to come on; they started to follow in an indescribable mass; then they heard the screams of the wounded rather than any commands, and looked at the ripping turf rather than the gun sights and the targets the Government paid them to look at; in less than a minute they were broken, smashed, defeated, and breaking for the comparative protection of the barracks. Bunga was left alone upon the square.

"Oh, you cowards, you cowards!" he sobbed. He sobbed it much as a man



Hooking Apples  
Sketches from Awayback



might sob over the failure of a horse he has just begun to love. "Am I to take that place with the constabulary?"

CAPTAIN DUNCAN stood wavering in front of the barracks—wavering between his hatred and his reluctant admiration for this mad theorist who "worked out his examples" with bullet-made dust clouds rising around his feet. "I've carried out your order in so far as I was able, sir," he sullenly replied. "The men won't—"

"You won't, either!" shrieked the little man. "By God, I couldn't have expected much else—but I'll show you something now—" He broke off with a sob, then wheeled and made a trumpet of his hands. On the west side of the parade, firing from prone positions on either side of their barracks, lay the constabulary company, with Allen in command; Bunga raised his voice and called: "Captain Allen, move out your company and advance in line of skirmishers."

Instantly there came a body of blue-brown men, all in uniform. Then, at a word, they rose again with alacrity. A great Major's breastplate choked. "God!" he half turned to take a place where he knew the theory. Allen, spitting, "We're—we're v—bled as he turned toward Bunga. "Take them, sir!" This Bunga nevertheless, he of that painful roar; and the hind him had they rose and appeared, they cl—that saber p—Straight over led, to the great and, notwithstanding from the old sto and fell upon it a wolf falls on it

WATCHING, in uniform were bared.

"Good God!" one yelled, "are we going to let ourselves be shown up by a lot of Gu-gus? I guess we had better be dead." "You're right you had!" choked a bitter officer. "He's shown us up as much as the Gu-gus. Come on, you—"

What else the officers said may well be omitted—though the profanity of grown men with tears streaming down their faces may be a sacred thing. Within the next few minutes, while the oaken doors stubbornly resisted the onslaught, the constabulary would have been shot to pieces but for the "outfit of former recruits" who now came pouring out in a manner befitting a Third Battalion. Theirs were the dead-white faces of men who come again; and the natives, looking, knew that on earth is hell.

In a drunken spirit of frenzy, then, Señor Ybarra leaped high on the wall, leaned down, thrust a pistol in Bunga's sweat-streaked face, and yelled: "You won't report to your country this time!" "Won't I?" whispered the untouched Major—and fired with the better aim. Then, as Señor Ybarra came tumbling down, and the gates went crashing in, powder-drunk bantam Bunga grinned back at the oncoming Third Battalion with the grin of a man who sees, bud—

San Isidro, a ter, a spick-and- and quiet chaps spring of a read of a For- Third Battalion, he Seventy-sec—that here was rable undercur- At their head whose step was waiting band. re, bulldog face at; so, later, the y-second voiced O. you fellows looks," conceded "I'll bet." he's one of the r under in the e of the Seventy- "I heard about I never did see t wouldn't throw

you," said Devlin. while he was wasn't any bou- that I could notice. When you guys learn how to take commands from an officer that'll do what he did to show us how to do our bit, you can call yourself soldiers. When it comes right down to it, that little man's the colors of our battalion!"

## Initiations at Lockport

(Continued from page 11)

"Sixty," said the Squire. "Married?" "Yes, once," the Squire admitted. "Precisely as I have it," corroborated his Majesty. "Any children?" continued the questioner. "One daughter," the other acknowledged. "Daughters cause a lot of mischief," his Majesty observed sagely. "Abe would be a well man to-morrow if it hadn't been for her." "She don't want to marry him," the Squire offered hastily, "and I don't blame her," he added vehemently. "It's too late now, even if she did," the other said dryly. "It isn't customary for a young woman to marry a corpse." "Abe brought it all on himself," ventured the Squire with easy familiarity. "Serves him right."

SLOWLY, his Majesty turned his baleful blue eyes full on the forward old man. "Who are you," he boomed, "to pass judgment on others?" "Oh, what a pity!" chorused the spook-like white gowns. "Oh, what a pity!" "I didn't mean any h-harm, 'pon my soul I did n't," stammered the Squire.

"Then confine yourself to answering my questions," his Majesty said curtly. "You have wide business interests, Squire?" he went on, adopting his former friendly attitude.

"That's 'bout the size of it," boasted the relieved old man. Here at last was a safe subject.

"And you carry big sums in cash?" intimated the other.

"So I calculate," assented the faltering Squire. "Banks is safer than second mortgages."

THE old man's plight was pitiful to behold. He writhed like a perishing worm, but his lips unmistakably formed a fatal denial, and he gave himself up for lost.

"Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a pity! Take him to the torture," dirged the white gowns.

"Off with him to the torture!" screamed his Majesty, a perfect picture of livid fury. Four white gowns leaped bodily on the still vigorous old man.

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"Help!" bellowed the Squire, putting up an obstinate defense against overwhelming odds.

"Blood! Give me blood!" frothed his Majesty, plunging headlong from his throne into the fray.

A TERRIFIC battle ensued in which the Squire's widely scattered false teeth testified to the art of modern dentistry; outnumbered five to one the torture room yawned before him, when the outside door banged open and Harry Baum bore down on his assailants like an avenging angel.

Striking about him with a perfect hailstorm of lefts and rights—which invariably fell short—the hero at last stood panting beside the rescued Squire.

"Nobody can badger the man who expects to make me his son-in-law in a few days," he said sternly, placing an arm affectionately over the Squire's shoulder.

"We didn't know he was a friend of yours," his Majesty said lamely. "If we had—"

"He wasn't," the Squire cut in. "But he is now," he hastily and manfully added.

"I've half a mind to turn him loose on you just to see how you'll act," he threatened triumphantly. The struggle had filled the hall with dust. Judging from the way Harry coughed, he must have inhaled a peck.

"Come on, papa," he choked. "Let's get out of here."

At the foot of the stairs they stopped.

The streets were alive with people, but the Squire did not notice it then.

"Harry," he began thickly, "you're the best friend I've got. You can marry Ruthie to-morrow if you want to and I'll deed you any hundred and sixty acres in the county you'll pick out."

"I expect you'd better put that on paper right now," the younger man said without emotion.

"It's too dark. I can't see," the Squire objected with chilled ardor. "Wait till morning," he put off optimistically. Harry instantly produced paper, a pencil and a box of pocket matches.

"Eighty acres is a fine start for young married folks," reflected the parsimonious old man, making ready to write it in.

"One hundred and sixty," Harry said uncompromisingly and the groaning Squire was forced to obey. Harry coolly pocketed the written promise and deserted his future father-in-law on the spot.

THE crowd that had gathered about the delegation's carriage was not exactly a cheerful one. Its nucleus was formed of the twenty grumbling candidates, who, after having been relieved of their money and passed through a very tame initiation, found themselves summarily dismissed down the backstairs as Abe and the Squire entered the hall.

From time to time the throng won new recruits until almost the entire population, scenting excitement, were swelling it. Here, the Squire came face to face with his ex-colleague.

"Abe," he said softly, "can I borrow that there muzzle-loading pistol of your'n?"

"What do you want it for?" the other asked suspiciously.

"You'll know to-morrow," the Squire said mysteriously. "That is," he added significantly, "if I can shoot like I use ter could."

"It's broke," said Abe, backing away. "Oh, let it go then," the old man said carelessly. I'll get one of Harry Baum. Abe turned away and hid himself in the thickest part of the muttering crowd, while the Squire declaimed loudly against the outrageous treatment he himself had received at the hands of the initi-

ation delegation. After helping himself to copious libations, Nelly Driggs passed the bottle around and the pervading mutter soon became a growl. Harry Baum met the departing delegation at the foot of the hall stairs, where they crowded around him in high glee.

"Good Lord, Baum," O'Bear greeted the newcomer uproariously, "we've had the time of our young lives. I never could have believed there were twenty-two such sets of long ears in the whole State. It's paid, too," he added in a loud voice. O'Bear's remarks brought out a babble of witticisms from his companions at the expense of the local Knights.

"Shut up, for Heaven's sake," Harry implored in a melodramatic whisper.

"What the devil?" asked O'Bear, staring blankly.

"Look! by your carriage," the other breathed hoarsely.

"I can see a bunch of rummies," O'Bear grunted in relieved disgust.

"A mob," corrected Harry.

"A mob?" faltered O'Bear.

"A blood-thirsty one," Harry said meaningfully.

"They're looking for you."

"What shall we do?" implored the others, and the frightened delegation drew closer about their only ally in a hostile country.

"Get out of town quick, it's your only chance," the blacksmith advised hurriedly.

"But how?" queried O'Bear.

"In the carriage," said Harry; "I'll do

what I can to keep them off your throats. Come on!" he shouted, starting off at a run.

O'BEAR grasped the impetuous smith by the coat tails and brought him up sharp. "Why can't you phone the county seat for help?" he pleaded.

"No use," said Harry. "I've just got through trying to wire the Governor and beg him to send up a regiment of militia and a couple of batteries, but they've cut the wires."

"Send a messenger to Sheriff Pupjoy," suggested O'Bear.

Harry shook his head hopelessly. "You know as well as I do, Jim, he'd never come if he knew what was going on," he said ruefully. "And it wouldn't be fair to let a married man come up here without a hint he'd be going to his death."

A few sharp-sighted members of the mob put a sound interpretation on the delegation's delayed departure and accordingly grew bolder.

"Hang them!" shouted Nelly Driggs, staggering under a mighty burden of "squirrel whisky"; others took up the cry, and to the delegation serious trouble seemed unavoidable.

"Follow me," commanded Harry, catching up O'Bear's grip and making a headlong dash for the carriage. The very suddenness of the unexpected move drew the cowering delegation trotting blindly at his heels. The crowd, as yet, had not the slightest intention of violence and it gave way curiously, even politely, before the well-known form of the sturdy smith.

HE had the nervous team untied and the carriage cramped in a trice. The delegation leaped into the vehicle without urging. "Drive slow till you're across the ford, and keep working down stream," Harry said in low tones to O'Bear, as he passed him the reins. "It will be—be safer," he finished lamely.

O'Bear nodded comprehensively and gave the other's hand a grateful squeeze. "I'll not forget all you have done for us to-night if I live to be a hundred," he threw back emotionally, as the team started.

"I don't expect you will," the grati-



fled hero murmured ambiguously, and modestly fell back into the crowd. The carriage was half a block on its homeward journey, when the thing O'Bear dreaded most happened. "Come on, men, after the scamps—we'll catch them at the ford," yelled a voice that sent a certain white-gowned figure, blending nicely with Squire Buck's whitewashed picket fence into a paroxysm of girlish giggles. All the indignant crowd needed to become a mob was a head. Harry Baum frankly and according to plan supplied that deficiency. The Wabash ford was only four hundred yards from the town pump and the mob followed its new leader enthusiastically. O'Bear discarded Baum's advice and lashed his horses into a run. Seeing their prey about to escape, the most lukewarm and conservative champions of the public cause joined in the chase that soon strung out according to the individual's speed and intention.

THE fleeing carriage gained steadily to the ford, but the steep descent and peculiar nature of the approach required slow, skillful driving that cost them their slight advantage. O'Bear fought for a cool head as he jockeyed his horses carefully into the river.

The racing water whirled under the horses and through the wheels in a dizzy mill stream. O'Bear offered up a silent prayer for moonlight, and shuddered at the approach of many feet.

They were in midstream now and he ventured a backward glance over his shoulder. The folled mob, like Haley's dogs, had halted at the water's edge. O'Bear reined in his team with a sobbing chuckle of relief. "Hello!" he called. Not a sound came over the surface of the river.

Baum had not been idle. The mob was a mob no longer, for through their leader they now knew something funny was going to happen.

"Hello, you," O'Bear hailed again. An owl hooted weirdly from his perch in an overhanging sycamore, but that was all. O'Bear owned himself puzzled. He could make out people very well, but they were standing so still in the shadows they might have been taken for blackened snags in a burned-over clearing.

"I say, Lockport," he began again in a lazy, drawling, insolent voice, "you are the jayest town, the most pig-

headed, asinine set of people ever turned loose in the Wabash Valley to take care of themselves. Delicacy forbids me to say a word against your generous disposition to part with your money. Now there is your new lodge—the Knights of Sahara—" and O'Bear broke off speaking into a loud laugh, to which his companions made a ready chorus.

"Twenty-two candidates at five dollars each," he went on insultingly, "that's one hundred and ten dollars, and another little matter of forty dollars. It was a shame to take the money. But if I should give it all back, you'd just hand it over to the first grafter that hinted he needed funds." Lockport, let the deadly insult pass without comment.

"Good night, dearies," he concluded gallingly. "Put on your nighties and trot to bed like good children before the curfew rings."

EVEN this parting shot brought no reply, but O'Bear didn't mind, his revenge was sweet in his mouth. He called for a bottle. Several appeared from unsuspected places, and the carriage splashed on to the accompaniment of a full-throated song.

"The moonlight's fair to-night along the Wabash—" sobbed the refreshed delegation. "Look where you are driving," angrily warned the bass. O'Bear looked, but he couldn't help what happened. A quick cramping of the upstream wheel over a submerged rock shifted the weight to that side and before anyone could

stir a finger, the downstream wheels in response to the current, simultaneously wobbled off their spindles and the crippled carriage dumped its living burden into the water.

THE badly frightened team added to the general confusion by commencing to snort and plunge. The dripping delegation arose sputtering to the surface in time to help O'Bear quiet the team and see their hats and suit cases floating off into deep water. A mournful chant trembled on the midnight air. It drifted out to them from the Lockport side.

"Listen! What's that?" exclaimed O'Bear, his teeth clicking audibly.

"Oh, what a pity!" came the voices—"Oh, what a pity!"

"There," ejaculated one of the late submerged who had a quicker eye than his fellows. Every eye followed his pointing finger to the shore where twelve white gowns stood chanting their requiem of calamity. The crowd entered into the spirit of the thing and the valley quiet was rent by deep-chested shouts of laughter.

The puzzled delegation fished out the lost wheels and put them on in silence. A hasty inspection of the other spindles disclosed the appalling fact that there was not a single tap on the carriage. A long moment of dismay followed the discovery that made their trip home impossible.

"What shall we do?" asked one, speaking for the rest. No one had had the courage or inspiration to offer advice, when a kindly disposed white gown hailed them from ashore. "What's happened, dearies?" said the man.

"The taps came off our rig and threw us out into the water," O'Bear replied in a favor-carrying voice.

"Oh, what a pity!" moaned the crowd. "Oh, what a pity!"

"Oh, if that's all," the man went on in a voice that shook, "you'd better come over after you've had your play out and take the rig to the blacksmith shop. You seemed to be having such a whale of a time I didn't like to disturb you."

A SOLEMN consultation was called in the river and O'Bear's violent objections to acting on the man's advice were overruled, seven to one. Accordingly, the team was again headed for Lockport and the chagrined delegation waded ashore.

The jeering crowd fell in behind like a guard of honor, and escorted them back to town, where the bizarre cortège halted before the blacksmith shop.

"Where is the blacksmith?" O'Bear asked curtly now that all danger seemed past.

The one addressed pointed out the figure of a man sitting on the running gear of a wagon near the door.

"That's Baum now," replied the man, "lucky for you he ain't gone to bed."

"Oh," said O'Bear with a world of meaning. Harry knocked the ashes from his pipe and came forward

lazily. "What can I do for you, my good man?" he asked complacently.

"You can put new taps on all of the spindles of this old hack," O'Bear said shortly. "Some rogue has stolen them," he concluded heatedly.

"I don't believe anybody in Lockport would do a trick like that to be mean," Harry defended loyally. "More than likely it's only a joke. Some feller that's been working hard all day wanted to have a little innocent amusement 'fore he went off to bed."

O'BEAR doubled up his fists and glared like a wildcat. "If I could find him," he said sanguinely. "I'd—" "What would you do?" Harry asked sternly.

"I'd—ask him for the taps," O'Bear finished feebly, to the crowd's delight.

"Why man, you're wet all over," Harry exclaimed at his sudden discovery.



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## "What Shall I Do"?

Some day you must face this question—perhaps tomorrow. An accident happens, a bad cut, a jagged wound, a rusty nail thrust, any one of a thousand things—you know if it is not quickly attended to it will become inflamed and the danger of blood poisoning then becomes a vital, personal one. In every such emergency your first thought should be

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## Directory of School Advertisers

The schools listed in this Directory are advertised in Collier's in the second and last issues of the summer months.

In these issues the readers of Collier's will find complete information concerning the schools listed here. A request for a catalog sent to any of these schools will receive prompt attention, or communications addressed to the Educational Bureau of Collier's will be answered immediately.

Boys		Special	
Raymond Riordan School	Highland, N. Y.	Bliss Electrical School	Washington, D. C.
Randolph Macon Academy	Front Royal, Va.	Dana's Musical Institute	Warren, O.
Peddie Institute	Hightstown, N. J.	Indiana Dental College	Indianapolis, Ind.
University School	Chicago, Ill.	Tri-State College	Angola, Ind.
Racine College School	Racine, Wis.	Louisville College of Dentistry	Louisville, Ky.
St. Paul School	Garden City, L. I.	N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College	New York City
Kiskiminetas Springs School	Saltburg, Pa.	New York State School of Agr.	Morrisville, N. Y.
University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Ind.	Illinois College of Photography	Effingham, Ill.
Belmont School	Belmont, Cal.	Michigan College of Mines	Houghton, Mich.
Kew-Forest Academy	Prairie du Chien, Wis.	Grand River Institute	Austinburg, O.
Morgan Park Academy	Morgan Park, Ill.	Winona College of Agriculture	Winona Lake, Ind.
		Detroit College of Law	Detroit, Mich.
		University of Illinois	Chicago, Ill.
		Valparaiso University	Valparaiso, Ind.
		New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
		University of Chicago Press	Chicago, Ill.
		Dickson Memory School	Chicago, Ill.
		New York Electrical School	New York City
Military		Co-Educational	
Bordentown Military Institute	Bordentown, N. J.	Thomas Normal Training School	Detroit, Mich.
Ohio Military Institute	College Hill, Cin., O.	Defiance College	Defiance, O.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wis.	Peirce School	Philadelphia, Pa.
	Culver, Ind.	American Col. of Phys. Education	Chicago, Ill.
Wentworth Military Academy	Sweetwater, Tenn.		
Culver Military Academy	Alton, Ill.		
Tennessee Military Institute	Delafield, Wis.		
Western Military Academy	Roswell, N. M.		
St. John's Military Academy			
New Mexico Military Institute			
		Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.

"Oh, what a pity!" sang the crowd. "That's my affair," O'Bear retorted sullenly. "What I want to know is, how long it will take you to fit on new taps?" "Not very long," yawned the other.

"How much will it cost?" O'Bear asked cautiously.

"Oh, only about one hundred and fifty dollars," said the other as if mentioning a mere trifle. The delegation groaned and the crowd laughed. O'Bear was the first to find his tongue. "That's highway robbery," he yelled, "the whole blamed rig isn't worth half that. I'll leave the whole outfit by the road first and hire a team at Bill Harness's livery barn."

"I wouldn't," put in a pithy voice from the rear of the crowd.

"Why?" shot out O'Bear, swinging on his heel.

"Because I'm Harness," said the other. Harness's nearest neighbor ventured a scathing remark on O'Bear's personal appearance and still others felt called upon to reveal their prejudiced opinions.

THINGS began to wear an ugly look when Baum gave O'Bear's arm a jerk that won his instant attention. "Look here, Jim," he said peevishly, "I can't put in the whole night saving your life; I'm sleepy."

Once more O'Bear was forced to listen to the earnest pleadings of his friends and reluctantly turned the required one hundred and fifty dollars over to the blacksmith, who pocketed the money without a word of thanks; neither did he show any visible signs of mechanical activity. "Good heavens, man!" exploded O'Bear,

"get those taps—they're paid for. We want to get out of town before daylight." Harry sauntered leisurely over to the carriage and in plain view of everyone took the taps out of his own pockets and deliberately screwed them into place.

"I'll get even," O'Bear raved, as the ill-fated delegation drove away.

"Oh, what a pity!" jeered Harry. "Oh, what a pity!" echoed the crowd.

HARRY held up his hand for attention. "If the Knights of Saharav will come around to the shop in the morning, I'll give them their initiation fees back."

"Three cheers for Harry Baum!" demanded two voices at once, voices like Abe Day's and Squire Buck's. And the cheers were given with a hearty good will that would have flattered even a man devoid of vanity.

The tired crowd dispersed at once, leaving the hero of the hour and one of their number alone on the field. Harry lit his pipe and bent for a closer examination of the white-gowned figure hugging the shadow.

"Which one of the boys is it?" he chuckled.

"Don't you know me?"

HARRY took a quick step, drew the mask aside, and turned a dimpling face to the bright moonlight.

"Why, if it ain't Ruth!" he said in pleased astonishment.

"Oh, what a pity!" she sighed demurely. "Oh, what a pity!"

THE END.

## Bealby

(Concluded from page 21)

rural dirt. During the last few days he must have had dealings of an intimate nature with coal. He was

tactful and irritable, he declared that this sleeping out would be the death of him, and the breakfast was only too manifestly wanting in the comforts of a refined home. He seemed a little less embittered after breakfast, he became even faintly genial, but he remained unpleasing. A distaste for the tramp arose in Bealby's mind, and as he walked on behind his guide and friend he revolved schemes of unobtrusive detachment.

FAR be it from me to accuse Bealby of ingratitude. But it is true that that same disinclination which made him a disloyal assistant to Mr. Mergleson was now affecting his comradeship with the tramp. And he was deceitful. He allowed the tramp to build projects in the confidence of his continued adhesion; he did not warn him of the defection he meditated. But, on the other hand, Bealby had acquired from his mother an effective horror of stealing. And one must admit, since the tramp admitted it, that the man stole.

And another little matter had at the same time estranged Bealby from the tramp and linked the two of them together. The attentive reader will know that Bealby had exactly two shillings and twopence-halfpenny when he came down out of the woods to the fireside. He had Mrs. Bowles's half-crown and the balance of Madeleine Phillips's theatreshilling, minus sixpence-halfpenny for a collar and sixpence he had given the tramp for the soup overnight. But all this balance was now in the pocket of the tramp. Money talks, and the tramp had heard it. He had not taken it away from Bealby, but he had obtained it in this manner: "We two are pals," he said, "and one of us had better be Treasurer. That's Me. I know the ropes better. So hand over what you got there, matey."

And after he had pointed out that a refusal might lead to Bealby's evisceration the transfer occurred. Bealby was searched, kindly but firmly. . . .

It seemed to the tramp that this trouble had now blown over completely. Little did he suspect the rebellious and treacherous thoughts that seethed in the head of his companion. Little did he suppose that his personal appearance, his manners, his ethical flavor—nay, even his physical flavor—were being judged in a spirit entirely unamiable. It seemed to him that he had obtained youthful and subservient companionship—companionship that would be equally agreeable and useful; he had adopted a course that he imagined would cement the ties between them; he reckoned not with ingratitude.

"If anyone arsts you who I am, call me uncle," he said. He walked along, a little in advance, sticking his toes out right and left in a peculiar wide pace that characterized his walk, and revolving

schemes for the happiness and profit of the day. To begin with—great drafts of beer. Then tobacco.

Later, perhaps, a little bread and cheese for Bealby. "You can't come in 'ere," he said at the first public house. "You're under age, me boy. It ain't my doing, matey; it's 'Erbert Samuel. You blame 'im. 'E don't object to you going to work for any other Mr. Samuel there may 'appen to be abart or anything of that sort, that's good for you, that is; but 'e's most particular you shouldn't go into a public 'ouse. So you just wait about outside 'ere. I'll 'ave my eye on you."

"You going to spend my money?" asked Bealby.

"I'm going to ration the party," said the tramp.

"You—you got no right to spend my money," said Bealby.

"I—'Ang it!—I'll get you some acid drops," said the tramp in tones of remonstrance. "I tell you, blame you—it's 'Erbert Samuel. I can't 'elp it! I can't fight against the lor."

"You 'aven't any right to spend my money," said Bealby.

"Down't cut up crusty. 'Ow can I 'elp it?"

"I'll tell a policeman. You gimme back my money and lemme go."

The tramp considered the social atmosphere. It did not contain a policeman. It contained nothing but a peaceful, kindly corner public house, a sleeping dog, and the back of an elderly man digging. The tramp approached Bealby in a confidential manner. "O's going to believe you?" he said. "And besides, 'ow did you come by it?"

Moreover: "I ain't going to spend your money. I got money of my own. 'Ere! See?" And suddenly before the dazzled eyes of Bealby he held and instantly withdrew three shillings and two coppers that seemed familiar. He had had a shilling of his own. . . . Bealby waited outside. . . .

THE tramp emerged in a highly genial mood, with acid drops, and a short clay pipe going strong. "Ere," he said to Bealby with just the faintest flavor of magnificence over the teeth-held pipe, and handed over not only the acid drops but a virgin short clay. "Fill," he said, proffering the tobacco. "It's yours just much as it's mine. Be'r not let 'Erbert Samuel see you, though; that's all. 'E's got a lor abart it."

Bealby held his pipe in his clenched hand. He had already smoked—once. He remembered it quite vividly still, although it had happened six months before. Yet he hated not using that tobacco. "No," he said, "I'll smoke later."

The tramp replaced the screw of red Virginia in his pocket with the air of one who has done the gentlemanly thing. . . .

They went on their way, an ill-assorted couple. [To be continued next week]



## Somnolent St. Louis

(Continued from page 17)

as earning more than a million a year in excess of a reasonable return on its investment. The service given the city is as bad as I have ever seen. The tracks are rough and the cars are run down and dirty. But most antediluvian of all is the heating system of these cars: a red-hot stove at one end, giving but small comfort to those far removed from it, and fairly cooking those who sit near.

### What Is the Matter with St. Louis?

"WHAT is the matter with St. Louis?" I inquired of a wide-awake citizen I met.

"Oh, the Drew question!" he suggested with a smile.

"The Drew question?" I repeated blankly.

"You don't know about that? Well, the question you asked was put to the city, some years ago, by Alderman Drew, so instead of asking it outright any more, we refer to it as 'the Drew question.' Everyone knows what it means."

The man who asks that question in St. Louis will receive a wide variety of answers.

One exceedingly well-informed gentleman told me that St. Louis had the

"most aggressive minority" he had ever seen. "Start any movement here," he declared, "and, whatever it may be, you immediately encounter strong objection."

In other quarters I learned of something called "The Big Cinch"—an intangible, reactionary sort of dragon, said to be built of big business men. It is charged that this legendary monster has put the quietus upon various enterprises, including the construction of a new and first-class hotel—something which St. Louis needs. In still other quarters I was informed that the city's long-established wealth had placed it in somewhat the position of Detroit before the days of the automobile, and that much of the money and many of the big business enterprises were controlled by elderly men; in short, that what is needed is young blood, or, as one man put it, "a few important funerals."

"It is conservatism," explained another. "The trouble with St. Louis is that nobody here ever goes crazy." And said still another: "About one-third of the population of St. Louis is German. It is German lethargy that holds the city back."

### German Flavor

WHATEVER truth may lurk in these several statements, I do not, personally, believe in the last one. If the Germans are sometimes stolid, they are upon the other hand honest, thoughtful, and steady. And when it comes to lethargy—well, Chicago, the most active great city in the country, has a larger German population. And, for the matter of that, so has Berlin! Some of the best citizens St. Louis has are Germans, and one of her most public-spirited and nationally distinguished men was born in Prussia—Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, former Solicitor General of the United States and ex-president of the American Bar Association. Mr. Lehmann (who, as I write, is serving the country as a com-

missioner in the cause of peace with Mexico at the Niagara Falls conference) drew up a city charter which was recommended by the Board of Freeholders of St. Louis in 1910. This charter was defeated. However, within the last few weeks, another charter, embodying many even more progressive elements than those contained in the charter proposed by Mr. Lehmann, has just been accepted by the city, and there can be little doubt that the earlier proposals paved the way for this one.

German emigration to St. Louis began about 1820 and increased at the time of the rebellion of 1848, so that, like Milwaukee, St. Louis has to-day a very strong German flavor. By the terms of the city charter all ordinances and municipal legal advertising are printed in both English and German, and the "Westliche Post" of St. Louis, a German newspaper founded by the late Emil Pretorius and now conducted by his son, is a powerful organ. The great family beer halls of the city add further Teutonic color, and the Liederkrantz is, I believe, the largest club in the city. This organization is not much like a club according to the restricted English

idea; it suggests some great, genial public gathering place. The substantial German citizens who arrive here of a Sunday night, when the cook goes out, do not come alone, nor merely with their sons, but bring their entire families for dinner, including the mother, the daughters, and the little children. There is music, of course, and great contentment. The place breathes of substantiality, democracy, and good nature. You feel it even in the manner of the waiters, who, being first of all human beings, second, Germans, and waiters only in the third place, have an air of personal friendliness with those they serve.

Aside from his municipal and national activities, Mr. Lehmann has found time to gather in his home one of the most complete collections of Dickens's first editions and related publications to be found in the whole world. It is, indeed, on this side—the side of cultivation—that St. Louis is most truly charming. She has an old, exclusive, and delightful society, and a widespread and pleasantly unostentatious interest in esthetic things. In fact, I do not know of any American city to which St. Louis may with justice be compared, possessing a larger body of collectors nor collections showing more individual taste. The most important private collections in the city are, I believe, those of Mr. William K. Bixby, who owns a great number of valuable paintings by old masters, and a large collection of rare books and manuscripts. As a book collector, Mr. Bixby is widely known throughout the country, and he has had, if I mistake not, the honor of being president of that Chicago club of bibliolatrists, known as the "Dofobs," or "damned old fools over books."

### Art in Missouri

AN exhibition of paintings owned in St. Louis is held annually in the St. Louis Museum of Art, and leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the



### The Chin

*The chin it was made to raise trouble,  
Either dimples or pimples or stubble;  
Then some have the gall  
To not grow at all,  
While others come triple and double.*



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## Publications of the Department of Agriculture

The Department of Agriculture has a number of very interesting bulletins, written in popular style, available for free distribution. These cover not only the subjects of poultry and cattle raising, the growing of fruits and vegetables, care of bees, construction of farm buildings, the marketing of farm products, and the keeping of accounts, but also cover much that is of interest to those living in cities, such as bulletins on the food values of beans, peas and other legumes, eggs, poultry, cereal breakfast foods, fruit, sugar, corn and corn products, potatoes and other root crops, nuts, milk, cheese, mutton and fish, and bulletins on "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," "Bread and Bread Making," and "Canned Fruits, Preserves and Jellies." A full list of these bulletins (*not the bulletins themselves*) and information on how to obtain them will be sent to all those who will write to Collier's Washington Bureau, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Our service is entirely without charge.





This beautiful printing "Pandora" by Maxfield Parrish is one of the six-page illustrations.

## Here is a Wonderful Booklet About Your Children's Reading.

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It contains the advice of the greatest teachers in America about your children's reading—priceless counsel for fathers and mothers who care.

It tells the fascinating story of

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Your children pattern after their heroes and heroines; who are they?

The grotesque figures of the Sunday supplements—the villains of moving picture dramas?

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You can choose your children's heroes and heroines for them; you can determine their ideals. This booklet tells the story.

## This is the FREE Booklet

For your children's sake, send for it. "It was worth \$100 to me" one mother writes.



Merely Clip the Coupon

interest of St. Louis citizens in painting. Nor can anyone, considering the groups of canvases loaned to the museum for the annual exhibition, doubt that certain art collectors in St. Louis (Mr. Edward A. Faust, for example) are buying not only names but paintings.

### Legacy from the World's Fair

THE Art Museum is less accessible to the general citizen than are museums in some other cities. Having been originally the central hall of the group of buildings devoted to art at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, it stands in that part of Forest Park which was formerly the Fair ground. Posed, as it is, upon a hill, in a commanding and conspicuous position, it reveals, somewhat unfortunately, the fact that it is the isolated fragment of a former group. Nevertheless, it must take a high position among the secondary art museums of the United States. For despite the embarrassment caused by the possession of a good deal of mediocre sculpture, a legacy from the World's Fair, which is packed in its central hall; and despite the inheritance from twenty or twenty-five years since of vapid canvases by Bouguereau, Gabriel Max, and other painters of past popularity, whose works are rapidly coming to be known for what they are—despite these handicaps, the museum is now

distinctly in step with the march of modern art. The old collection is being weeded out, and good judgment is being shown in the selection of new canvases. Like the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, the St. Louis Museum of Art is rapidly acquiring works by some of the best American painters of to-day, having purchased within the last four or five years canvases by Redfield, Loeb, Symons, Waugh, Dearth, Dougherty, Foster, and others.

Another building saved from the World's Fair is the superb central hall of Washington University, a red granite structure in the English collegiate style, designed by Cope & Stewardson. The dozen or more buildings of this university are very fine in their harmony, and are pronounced by Baedeker "certainly the most successful and appropriate group of collegiate buildings in the New World."

It is curious to note in this connection that there are eight colleges or universities in the United States in which the name of "Washington" appears; among them Washington University at St. Louis; Washington College at Chestertown, Md.; George Washington University at Washington, D. C.; Washington State College at Pullman, Wash., and the University of Washington at Seattle.

### Wallop

BEFORE making my transcontinental pilgrimage I used to wonder sometimes just where the line dividing East from West in the United States might be. When I lived in Chicago, and went out to St. Louis, I felt that I was going, not merely in a westerly direction, but that I was actually going out into the "West." I knew, of course, that there was a vast amount of "West" lying to the westward of St. Louis, but I had no real conception—and no one who has not seen it can have—of what a stupendous, endless, different kind of land it is. St. Louis west? It is not west at all. To be sure, it is the frontier, the jumping-off place, but it is no more western in its characteristics than the city of Boulogne is English because it faces England, just across the way. From every point of view except that of geography, Chicago is more western than St. Louis. For Chicago has more "wallop" than St. Louis, and "wallop" is essentially a western thing. "Wallop" St. Louis has not. What she has is civilization and the eastern spirit of laissez-faire. And that of St. Louis which is not of the east is of the south. Her society has a strong southern flavor, many of her leading families having come originally from Kentucky and Virginia. The South-

ern "colonel" type is to be found there, too—black, broad-brimmed hat, frock coat, goatee, and all—and there is a negro population big enough to give him his customary background.

Much negro labor is employed for the rougher kind of work; colored waiters serve in the hotels, and many families employ colored servants. As is usual in cities where this is true, the accent of the people inclines somewhat to be Southern. Or, perhaps, it is a blending of the accent of the South with the sharper drawl of the West. Then, too, I encountered there men bearing French names (which are pronounced in the French manner, although the city's name has been anglicized, being pronounced "Saint Louiss") who, if they did not speak with a real French accent, had, at least, slight mannerisms of speech which were unmistakably of French origin. I noted down a



St. Louis needs to be taken by the hand and led round to some municipal-improvement tailor, some civic haberdasher

number of French family names I heard: Chauvenet, Papin, Vallé, Desloge, De Menil, Lucas, Pettus, Gulon, Chopin, Janis, Benoist, Cabanné, and Chouteau—the latter family descended, I was told, from Laclede himself. And again, I heard such names as Busch, Lehmann, Faust, and Niedringhaus; and still again such other names as Kilpatrick, Farrell, and O'Fallon—for St. Louis, though a Southern city, and an Eastern city, and a French city, and a German city, by being also Irish, proves herself American.

### Architecture

IT is in all that has to do with family life, I think, that St. Louis comes off best. She has miles upon miles of prosperous-looking, middle-class residence streets, and the system of residence "places" in her more fashionable districts is highly characteristic. These "places" are in reality long, narrow parkways, with double drives, bordered at their outer margin by houses, and parked down the center. The oldest of them is, I am told, Benton Place, on the South Side, but the more attractive ones are to the westward, near Forest Park. Of these the first was Vandeventer Place, which still contains some of the most pleasant and substantial residences of the city, and it may be added that while some of the newer "places" have more recent and elaborate houses than those on Vandeventer Place, the general average of recent domestic architecture in St. Louis is behind that of many other cities. Portland Place seemed, upon the whole, to have the best group of modern houses. Westmoreland and Kingsbury Places also have agreeable homes. But Washington Terrace is not so fortunate; its houses, though they plainly indicate liberal expenditure of money, are often of that "catch-as-catch-can" kind of architecture which one meets with but too frequently in the Middle West. If St. Louis is western in one thing more than another it is the architecture of her houses. Not that they lack solidity but that on the average they are not to be compared, architecturally, with houses of corresponding modernness in such cities as Chicago or Detroit.

### Where Detroit Leads

THE more I see of other cities the more, indeed, I appreciate the new domestic architecture of Detroit. And I cannot help feeling that it is curious that St. Louis should be behind Detroit in this particular when she is, as a city, so far superior in her evident understanding and love of art.

Nevertheless, St. Louis has one architect whom she cannot honor too highly—Mr. William B. Ittner, who, as a designer of schools, stands unsurpassed.

### One Perfect School Building

IF ever I have seen a building perfect for its purpose, that building is the Frank Louis Soldan High School, designed by this man. It is the last word in schools; a building not only for the city of St. Louis to be proud of, but for the whole country to rejoice in. It has everything a school can have, including that quality rarest of all in schools—sheer beauty. It is a whole story in itself, from its great auditorium, which is like a very simple opera house, seating two thousand persons, to its tiled lunch rooms with their "cafeteria" service. An architect could build one school like that, it seems to me, and then lie down and die content, feeling that his work was done. But Mr. Ittner apparently is not satisfied so easily as I should be, for he goes gayly on building other schools. If there isn't one to be built in St. Louis at the moment (and the city has an extraordinary number of fine school buildings), he goes off to some other city and puts a school up there. And for every one he builds he ought to have a crown of gold.

Mr. John Rush Powell, the principal of the high school, was so good as to take my companion and me over the building. We envied Mr. Powell the privilege of being housed in such a palace, and Mr. Powell, in his turn, tried to talk temperately about the wonders of his school, and was so polite as to let us do the raving.

### Like the Old Red Schoolhouse

DO you remember, when you went to school, the long closet, or dressing room where you used to hang your coat and hat? The boys and girls of the Soldan School have steel lockers in a sunlit locker room. Do you remember the old wooden floors? These boys and girls have wooden floors to walk on, too, but the wood is quarter-sawn oak, and it is laid in asphalt over concrete, which makes the finest kind of floor to walk on. Do you remember the ugly old school building? The front of this one looks like Hampden Court Palace, brought up to date. Do you remember the big classroom that served almost every purpose? This school has separate rooms for everything—a greenhouse for the botanists, great studios, with skylights, for those who study art, a music hall, and private offices, beside the classrooms, for instructors. Oh, you ought to see this school yourself, and learn how schools have changed! You ought to see the domestic science kitchen with its twenty-four gas ranges and the model dining room, where the girls learn to cook and give dinner parties for their parents; the sewing room and fitting rooms, and the laundries, with sanitary equipment and electric irons—for every girl who takes the domestic-science course must know how to do fine laundry work, even to the washing of flannels.

### A Few More Points of Difference

YOU should see the manual-training shops, and the business college, and the textile work, and the kilns for pottery, and the very creditable drawings and paintings of the art students (who clearly have a competent teacher—again an unusual thing in schools), and the simple beauty of the corridors, so free from decoration, and the library—like that of a club—and the lavatories, as perfect as those in fine hotels, and the pictures on the classroom walls—good prints of good things, like Whistler's portrait of his mother, instead of the old hideousities of Washington and Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes, which used to hang on classroom walls in our school days. Oh, it is good to merely breathe the air of such a school as that—and why shouldn't it be, since the air is washed



and screened and warmed and fanned out to the rooms and corridors? Just think of that one thing, and then try to remember how schools used to smell—that rather zoological odor of dirty little boys and dirty little slates. That was one thing which struck me very forcibly about this school: it didn't smell like one. Yet, until I went there, I should have guessed that if I were taken blindfold to a school, led inside, and allowed a single whiff of it, I should immediately detect the place for what it was. Ah, memories of other days! Ah, sacred smells of childhood! Can it be that the school smell has gone forever from the earth—that it has vanished with our youth—that the rising generation may not know it? There is but little sadness in the thought.

#### St. Louis's Role in the Fur Trade

HAVING thus dilated upon the old-time smell of schools, I find myself drifting, perhaps through an association of ideas, to another subject—that of furs; raw furs.

The firm of Funsten Brothers & Co. have made St. Louis the largest primary fur market in the world. They operate a fur exchange which, though a private business, is conducted somewhat after the manner of a produce exchange. That is to say, the sales are not open to all buyers, but to about thirty men who are in effect "members," it being required that a member must be a fur dealer with a place of business in St. Louis. These men are jobbers, and they sell in turn to the manufacturers.

Funsten Brothers & Co. work direct with trappers, and are in correspondence, I am informed, with between 700,000 and 800,000 persons, engaged in trapping and shipping furs, in all parts of the world. Their business has been considerably increased of late years by the installation of a trappers' information bureau and supply department for the accommodation of those who send them furs, and also by the marketing of artificial animal baits. In this way, and further by making it a rule to send checks in payment for furs received from trappers, on the same day shipments arrive, this company has built up for itself an enormous good will at the original sources of supply.

#### An Extraordinary Fur Exchange

THE furs come from every State in the Union, from every Province in Canada, and from Alaska, being shipped in, during the trapping season, at the rate of about 2,000 lots a day, these lots containing anywhere from 5 to 500 pelts each.

The lots are sorted, arranged in batches according to quality, and auctioned off at sales held on three days a week. Even Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Florida, and Texas supply furs, but the furs from the North are in general the most valuable. This is not true, however, of muskrat, the best of which comes from the central and eastern States.

The sales are conducted in the large hall of the exchange, where the lots of furs are displayed in great piles. The skins are handled in the raw state, having been merely removed from the carcass and dried before shipment, with the result that the floor of the exchange is made slippery by animal fats and that the olfactory organs encounter smells not to be matched in any zoo—the blended fragrance of raccoon, mink, opossum, muskrat, ermine, ringtail, house cat, wolf, red fox, gray fox, cross fox, swift fox, silver fox, badger, otter, beaver, lynx, marten, bear, wolverine, fisher—a great orchestra of odors, in which the "air" is carried most competently, most unqualifiedly, by that master virtuoso of mephitic redolence, the skunk.

I was told that about sixty-five per cent of all North American furs pass through this exchange; also I received the rather surprising information that the greatest number of skins furnished by this continent comes from within a radius of 500 miles of St. Louis.

It was in this Fur Exchange that the first auction of government seal and fox skins ever held by the United States on its own territory occurred last year. Before that time it had been the custom of the Government to send Alaskan sealskins to Europe, where they were cured and dyed. Such of these skins as were returned to the United States, after having undergone curing and dyeing, came back under a duty of 20 per cent, or more recently by an increase in the tariff—30 per cent. And all but a very few of the skins did come back. It was by action of Secretary of Commerce Redfield that the seal sale was transferred from London to St. Louis, and a member of the firm of Funsten Brothers & Co. informed me that the ultimate result will be that seal coats now costing, say, \$1,200, may be bought for about \$400 three years hence, when the seals are no longer protected according to the present law.

#### Cheaper Sealskins Soon

SOME interesting information with regard to sealing was published in the St. Louis "Republic" at the time of the sale. Quoting Mr. Philip B. Fouke, president of the Funsten Co., the "Republic" says:

"Under the present policy of the Government the United States will get the dyeing, curing, and manufacturing establishments from London, Amsterdam, Nizhni Novgorod, and other great centers. The price of sealskins will be reduced two-thirds to the wearer. Seals have been protected for the past two years, and will be protected for three years more, but during the period of protection it is necessary for the Government hunters to kill some of the 'bachelor seals'—males, without mates, who fight with other male seals for the possession of the females, destroying the young, and causing much trouble. Also a certain amount of seal meat must go to the natives for food.

"Each female produces but one pup a year, and each male demands from twenty to one hundred females. Fights between males for the possession of the females are fearful combats.

"In addition to protecting the seals on the Pribilof Islands, the United States

the rocks at sunset, and long swims side by side. But one night on the cliffs, beneath the moon comes the blond beast of a bachelor, a seal of the lowest animal impulses, absolutely unscrupulous. And then the climax—the Jack London stuff: the fight on the edge of the cliff; the cry, the body hurtling to the rocks below. And, of course, a happy ending—love on a cake of ice.

#### The First Astor Quits the Trade

OLD John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor fortune, when engaged in the fur trade, was a partner in the American Fur Company of St. Louis of which Pierre Chouteau was president. A letter written to Chouteau by Astor just before his retirement from the fur business gives as the reason for his withdrawal the following:

*I very much fear beaver will not sell very well very soon unless very fine. It appears that they make hats of silk in place of beaver.*

Beaver was at that time the most valuable skin, and had been used until then for the making of tall hats; but the French were beginning to make silk hats, and Astor believed that in that fact was presaged the downfall of the beaver trade.

#### Club Life

CLUB life in St. Louis is very highly developed. There are of course the usual clubs which one expects to find in every large city: The St. Louis Club, a solid old organization; the University Club, and a fine new Country Club, large and well designed. Also there is a Racquet Club, an agreeable and very live institution which now holds the national championship in double racquets, which is vested in the team of Davis and Wear. The Davis of this pair is Dwight F. Davis, an exceedingly active and able young man who, aside from many other interests, is a member of the City Plan Commission, commissioner in charge of the very excellent parks of St. Louis, and giver of the famous Davis Cup, emblematic of the world's team tennis championship.

But the characteristic club note of St. Louis is struck by the very small, exclusive clubs. One is the Florissant Valley Country Club, with a pleasant, simple clubhouse and a very charming membership. But the most famous little club of the city, and one of the most famous in the United States, is the Log Cabin Club. I do not believe that in the entire country there is another like it. The club is on the outskirts of the city, and has its own golf course. It is an utterly unostentatious frame building with a dining room containing one table at which all the members sit together like one large family. The membership limit is twenty-five, and the list has never been completely filled.

There were twenty-one members, I was told, at the time we were there, and besides being, perhaps, the most prominent men in the city, these gentlemen are all intimates, so that the club has an air of delightful informality which is hardly equaled in any other

club I know. The family spirit is further enhanced by the fact that no checks are signed, the expense of operation being divided equally among the members. Here originated the "Log Cabin game" of poker, which is now known nationally in the most exalted poker circles. I should like to explain this game to you, telling you all the hands, and how to bet on them, but after an evening of practical instruction, I came away quite baffled. Missouri is, you know, a poker State. Ordinary poker, as played in the east, is a game too simple, too childlike for the highly specialized Missouri poker mind. I played poker twice in Missouri—that is, I tried to play—but I might as well have tried to juggle with the lightning of the gods. No man has the least conception of that game until he goes out to



The dilapidation of the quarter has continued steadily from Dickens's day to this, and the beauty now to be discovered is that of decay and ruin

has entered into an agreement with Japan, Russia, and England, that there shall be no sealing in the open seas for fifteen years. This open sea, or pelagic sealing did great harm. Only the females leave the land, where they can be protected, and go down to the open sea. Consequently the poachers got many females, destroying the young seals as well as the mothers, cutting off the source of supply, and leaving a preponderance of 'bachelors,' or useless males."

#### Why Not a Seal Romance?

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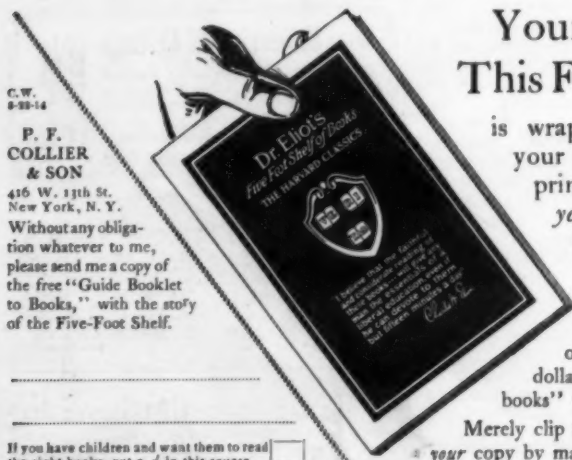
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Missouri. There it is not merely a casual pastime; it is a rite, a sacrament, a magnificent expression of a people. The Log Cabin game is a thing of "kilters," skip straights, around-the-corner straights, and other complications. Three of a kind is very nearly worthless. Throw it away after the draw if you like, pay a dollar and get a brand-new hand.

But those are some simple little points to be picked up in an evening's play, and a knowledge of the simple little points of such a game is worse than worthless—it's expensive. To really learn the Log Cabin game, you must give up your business, your dancing, and your home life, move out to St. Louis, cultivate Log Cabin members who are the high priests of poker, and play with them until your family fortune has been painlessly extracted. And however great the fortune, it is a small price to pay for such adept instruction. When it is gone you will still fall short of ordinary Missouri poker, and will be as a mere babe in the hands of a Log Cabin member, but you will be absolutely sure of winning, anywhere outside the State.

It seems logical that the city, which is beyond doubt the poker center of the universe, should also have attained to eminence in drinks. It was in St. Louis that two great drinks came into being. In the old days of straight whisky, the term for three fingers of red liquor in a whisky glass was a "ball." But there came from Austria a man named Enno Sanders, who established a bottling works in St. Louis, and manufactured seltzer. St. Louis liked the seltzer and presently it became the practice to add a little of the bubbling water to the "ball." This necessitated a taller glass, so men began to call for a "high ball."

The weary traveler may be glad to know that the highball has not been discontinued in St. Louis.

Another drink which originated in St. Louis is the gin rickey. Colonel Rickey was born in Hannibal, Mo., of which town I shall write presently. Later he moved to St. Louis and invented the famous rickey, which immortalized his name—preserving it, as it were, in alcohol. The drink was first served in a bar opposite the old Southern Hotel—a hotel which, by the way, I regretted to see standing empty and deserted at the time of my last visit, for, in its prime, it was a hotel among hotels.

### Leading to a Climax

I HAVE tried to lead gradually, effectively to a climax. From clubs which are pleasant I progressed to poker, which is pleasanter, and from poker I stepped ahead to highballs and gin rickies, which are the pleasanter of all. And now I am prepared to reach my highest altitude. I intend to tell the very nicest thing about St. Louis.

I know what it is. It did not take me more than half a day to find it out. And

[1 Author's Note: In justice to the editor of Collier's, I wish to say that he is in no way responsible for the expression of certain prejudices on the part of the author.—J. S.]

the nicest thing about St. Louis is the nicest thing that there can be about a place.

It discounts a bad street car service, an ill-set railway station, and an unfinished bridge. It sinks the parks, the botanical gardens, the art museum into comparative oblivion. Small wonder that St. Louis seems to ignore her minor weaknesses when she excels in this one thing—as she must know she does.

### The Climax Itself

FOR the nicest thing about St. Louis is St. Louis girls.

In the first place, fashionable young women in St. Louis are quite as gratifying to the eye as women anywhere. In the second place, they have unusual poise. This latter quality is very striking, and it springs, I fancy, from the town's conservatism and solidity. The young girls and young men of the St. Louis social group have grown up together, as have their parents and grandparents before them. They give one the feeling that they are somehow rooted to the place, as no New Yorker is rooted to New York. The social fabric of St. Louis changes little. The old families live in the houses they have always lived in, instead of moving from apartment to apartment every year or two. One does not feel the nervous tug of social and financial straining, of that eternal over-reaching which one senses always in New York. In St. Louis everything seems settled and assured.

One day at luncheon I found myself between two very lovely creatures—neither of them over twenty-two or twenty-three; both of them endowed with the aplomb of older, more experienced, women—who endeared themselves to me by talking critically about the works of Meredith—and Joseph Conrad—and Leonard Merrick. Fancy that! Fancy their being pretty girls yet having worth-while things to say—and about those three men!

And when the conversation drifted away from books to the topic which my companion and I call "life stuff," and when I found them adept also in this field, my appreciation of St. Louis became boundless.

### Is There Unkindness Here?

IT just occurs to me that, in publishing the fact that St. Louis girls have brains I may have unintentionally done them an unkindness.

Once I asked a young English bachelor to my house for a week-end.

"I want you to come this week," I said, "because the prettiest girl I know will be there."

"Delighted," he replied.

"She's a most unusual girl," I went on, "for, besides being a dream of loveliness, she's clever."

"Oh," he said, "if she's clever, let me come some other time. I don't like 'em clever. I like 'em pretty and stupid."

The next article by Julian Street will be entitled "IN MISSOURI"

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Half an hour later a large steamer raised her hull, making for the mouth of the Thames. I ordered

## Danger!

(Continued from page 6)

Vornal to stand by the starboard torpedo tube, having the other also loaded in case of a miss. Then I advanced slowly, for though the steamer was going very swiftly we could easily cut her off. Presently I laid the *Iota* in a position near which she must pass, and would very gladly have lain to, but could not for fear of rising to the surface. I therefore steered out in the direction from which she was coming. She was a very large ship, fifteen thousand tons at the least, painted black above and red below, with two cream-colored funnels. She lay so low in the water that it was clear she had a full cargo. At her bows were a cluster of men, some of them looking, I dare say, for the first time at the mother country. How little could they have guessed the welcome that was waiting them!

ON she came with the great plumes of smoke floating from her funnels, and two white waves foaming from her cut-water. She was within a quarter of a mile. My moment had arrived. I signaled full speed ahead and steered straight for her course. My timing was exact. At a hundred yards I gave the signal, and heard the clank and swish of the discharge. At the same instant I put the helm hard down and flew off at an angle. There was a terrific lurch, which came from the distant explosion. For a moment we were almost upon our side. Then, after staggering and trembling, the *Iota* came on an even keel. I stopped the engines, brought her to the surface, and opened the conning tower, while all my excited crew came crowding to the hatch to know what had happened.

The ship lay within two hundred yards of us, and it was easy to see that she had her deathblow. She was already settling down by the stern. There was a sound of shouting and people running wildly about her decks. Her name was visible, the *Adela* of London, bound, as we afterward learned, from New Zealand with frozen mutton. Strange as it may seem to you, the notion of a submarine had never even now occurred to her people, and all were convinced that they had struck a floating mine. The starboard quarter had been blown in by the explosion, and the ship was sinking rapidly. Their discipline was admirable. We saw boat after boat slip down crowded with people as swiftly and quietly as if it were part of their daily drill. And suddenly, as one of the boats lay off waiting for the others, they caught a glimpse for the first time of my conning tower so close to them. I saw them shouting and pointing, while the men in the other boats got up to have a better look at us. For my part, I cared nothing, for I took it for granted that they already knew that a submarine had destroyed them. One of them clambered back into the sinking ship. I was sure that he was about to send a wireless message as to our presence. It mattered nothing, since, in any case, it must be known; otherwise I could easily have brought him down with a rifle. As it was, I waved my hand to them, and they waved back to me. War is too big a thing to leave room for personal feeling, but it must be remorseless all the same.

I WAS still looking at the sinking *Adela* when Vornal, who was beside me, gave a sudden cry of warning and surprise, gripping me by the shoulder and turning my head. There behind us, coming up the fairway, was a huge black vessel with black funnels, flying the well-known house flag of the P. and O. Company. She was not a mile distant, and I calculated in an instant that even if she had seen us she would not have time to turn and get away before we could reach her. We went straight for her, therefore, keeping awash just as we were. They saw the sinking vessel in front of them and that little dark speck moving over the surface, and they suddenly understood their danger. I saw a number of men rush to the bows, and there was a rattle of rifle fire. Two bullets were flattened upon our four-inch armor. You might as well try to stop a charging bull with paper pellets as the *Iota* with rifle fire. I had learned my lesson from the *Adela*,

and this time I had the torpedo discharged at a safer distance—two hundred and fifty yards. We caught her amidships and the explosion was tremendous, but we were well outside its area. She sank almost instantaneously.

I am sorry for her people, of whom I hear that more than two hundred, including seventy Lascars and forty passengers, were drowned. Yes, I am sorry for them. But when I think of the huge floating granary that went to the bottom, I rejoice as a man does who has carried out that which he plans.

IT was a bad afternoon that for the P. and O. Company. The second ship which we destroyed was, as we have since learned, the *Moldavia*, of fifteen thousand tons, one of their finest vessels; but about half past three we blew up the *Cusco*, of eight thousand, of the same line, also from Eastern ports, and laden with corn. Why she came on in face of the wireless messages, which must have warned her of danger, I cannot imagine. The other two steamers which we blew up that day, the *Maid of Athens* (Robson Line) and the *Cormorant*, were neither of them provided with apparatus, and came blindly to their destruction. Both were small boats of from five thousand to seven thousand tons. In the case of the second, I had

to rise to the surface and fire six twelve-pound shells under her water line before she would sink. In each case the crew took to the boats, and so far as I know no casualties occurred.

After that no more steamers came along, nor did I expect them. Warnings

must by this time have been flying in all directions. But we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our first day. Between the Maplin Sands and the Nore we had sunk five ships of a total tonnage of about fifty thousand tons. Already the London markets would begin to feel the pinch. And Lloyd's—poor old Lloyd's—what a demented state it would be in! I could imagine the London evening papers and the howling in Fleet Street. We saw the result of our actions, for it was quite laughable to see the torpedo boats buzzing like angry wasps out of Sheerness in the evening. They were darting in every direction across the estuary, and the aeroplanes and hydroplanes were like flights of crows, black dots against the red western sky. They quartered the whole river mouth, until they discovered us at last. Some sharp-sighted fellow with a telescope on board of a destroyer got a sight of our periscope, and came for us full speed. No doubt he would very gladly have rammed us, even if it had meant his own destruction, but that was not part of our program at all. I sank her and ran her east-southeast with an occasional rise. Finally we brought her to, not very far from the Kentish coast, and the searchlights of our pursuers were far on the western sky line. There we lay quietly all night, for a submarine at night is nothing more than a very third-rate surface torpedo boat. Besides, we were all weary and needed rest. Do not forget, you captains of men, when you grease and trim your pumps and compressors and rotators, that the human machine needs some tending also.

I had put up the wireless mast above the conning tower, and had no difficulty in calling up Captain Stephan. He was lying, he said, off Ventnor, and had been unable to reach his station on account of engine trouble, which he had now set right. Next morning he proposed to block the Southampton approach. He had destroyed one large Indian boat on his way down Channel. We exchanged good wishes. Like myself, he needed rest. I was up at four in the morning, however, and called all hands to overhaul the boat. She was somewhat up by the head, owing to the forward torpedoes having been used, so we trimmed her by opening the forward compensating tank, admitting as much water as the torpedoes had weighed. We also overhauled the starboard air compressor and one of the periscope motors which had been jarred by the shock of the first explosion. We had hardly got ourselves shipshape when the morning dawned.

To Be Concluded Next Week



How often have you been tempted to enter a store whose glaring announcement of cut prices aroused your bargain sense?

Your common sense would have overruled your bargain sense had you been able to look behind the scenes. The purpose and practice of the proprietors of these pirate enterprises is to advertise well known trade-marked articles at cut prices to attract the attention, the attendance and the money of the public.

Let me cite an example of judicial action recently taken wherein the courts have taken a forward step against unfair merchandising and fake sales.

*A. C. Hammett*

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

## \*FIRST FAKE BARGAIN ADVERTISER GUILTY

Ordinance Against Misleading Publicity Stops a False Pretense Sale

### HARLEM MERCHANTS ACT

Business Associations in Other Parts of City Plan to Take Similar Action

The first conviction under City Ordinance 229, which is directed "against false and misleading advertising," was obtained yesterday in the Harlem Police Court before Magistrate Levy when Jacob Kantrowitz pleaded guilty and was released under a suspended sentence.

The case was the first in a campaign that has been started by the Harlem Board of Commerce, and now that the precedent of a conviction has been established it is planned to drive out of business all "fake" storekeepers and advertisers who use advertising space for untrue announcements of sales.

The case of Jacob Kantrowitz was first brought to the attention of Police Commissioner Woods by Alderman Chorus of Harlem, who is a member of the Harlem Board of Commerce. The Commissioner, after considering the facts, referred the matter to Second Deputy Police Commissioner Rubin. Commissioner Rubin assigned Detective Sergeant Francis E. Hawkins of the Thirty-sixth Precinct to obtain evidence.

Kantrowitz said that certain standard goods were being sold at prices far below cost owing to their being sold on the "order of a receiver."

Detective Hawkins investigated and found that no receiver had ordered the sale. He made purchases at the Harlem store, and found that the "standard goods" advertised by the circular were of very inferior grade and unknown manufacture. Certain collars that are usually sold at two for a quarter were advertised to be sold at three for the same money. Hawkins found that he could buy the collars sold on this advertisement at six for a quarter. He bought several and also bought a shirt that was advertised as "standard" at a price far below what such a shirt usually costs. Hawkins asked the salesman, Maurice Kaufmann, what guarantee he had that the goods were as represented. Kaufmann told him that he had the guarantee of The Guarantee Clothing Company and called his attention to the signs in the window, all of which bore the name of that company. Hawkins received a slip with his purchases bearing the name of The Guarantee Clothing Company, and this was in court as evidence.

\*New York Times, July 22, 1914.





*"To-day I heard my friends discussing the European War—and I sat mute—"*

*"I did not dare to take part in the conversation for fear of exposing my ignorance. Their talk was full of references to the history of Austria and Servia and Russia—"*

*"And I know nothing of history."*

The speaker was a business man, unusually successful in his affairs. Perhaps you, at some time, have said the same thing. Perhaps you have sat in a company where one man's conversation has held the others spellbound, and have said to yourself "I wish I had his knowledge of history. I wish I could talk as he does."

If you are interested in spending a few minutes a week in mental growth, if you are interested in the success of your boy or girl, we want to send you a copy of the free booklet shown above.

It tells the story of the new kind of history written for busy, ambitious men—the

## Lodge History of Nations

*"The whole story of each nation in a single volume like the biography of a man."*

Your copy of this free booklet, to which you are entitled as a Collier reader—is wrapped up and waiting your direction, merely return the coupon.

It tells how the histories of the nations have at last been written for the busy, modern man who can invest only a few dollars in history buying, and a few minutes a week in history reading.

It tells about the greatest book opportunity of the year—Your chance to own a work that formerly sold for \$120, and up, at a tiny fraction of the former price.

### To get your copy, clip the coupon

The free booklet contains an essay by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge on the reading of history. It is the sort of booklet you ought to have for reference whether you intend to add a history to your library now or later.

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Please send me by mail my copy of the free book. Let about the Lodge History of Nations.

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so that one may accept without prejudice his statement: "I intend to devote the rest of my life to the cooperative movement." One feels that the cooperative movement is most fortunate; that here is a man with the strength and wisdom to build a new industrial system which shall ease the low places and level the high ones.

The practical man of the society has spent half a lifetime in the grocery business. In that time he has built up one of the finest and best equipped markets in the United States. Should the plans of the central society come true—and they are coming true amazingly fast—this man knows that his own business would be absorbed or driven to the wall by cooperative merchandising. And no one would welcome the day more than he. One who doubts this has merely to follow the man through a day's work to be convinced. Twelve, fifteen, even eighteen, hours a day he is on the job, seeing that the cooperative stores in the chain are getting the right goods at the right prices, conferring with store managers, laying out delivery routes with detail maps and pegs, revising store plans, and so on through the long list of things necessary to establish cooperation on a business basis.

### Explaining the Investment

THE treasurer is a Harvard man—lawyer, bank director, and economist. He is the type of look-you-in-the-eyes aristocrat that one would select to administer a trust. Also, he owns a large farm—gentleman's estate, it might be called. But the treasurer hopes to make his farm profitable. He thinks all farms ought to be profitable and that cooperation will make them so.

The secretary, Mr. Purington, brings to cooperation the keen analytical mind so sorely needed. To him falls the task of separating the practicable from the impracticable in the history of the cooperative movement. To him belongs a good share of the credit for applying the English system to American conditions. To those who see little similarity between the two systems he makes this explanation:

"Our common shares correspond to the English memberships; each carries the voting power. One of our shares costs \$10 for perpetuity; membership in the English societies costs, usually, about \$5 a year. Our preferred stock corresponds to the English shares. English cooperators invest in these shares much as our people deposit in savings banks. Our cooperators have not done this, therefore cooperation has lacked capital to finance a wholesale society and keep abreast of competition. A small number of public-spirited men have made good the deficiency up to date. From now on we expect that American cooperators will invest an increasing amount of their savings in their own business where it will earn 7 per cent, rather than in enterprises run for the profit of capitalists, where safe investments seldom yield more than 5 per cent."

### Why Single Stores Fail

PERHAPS the most prominent member of the board of nine directors is a Harvard professor, who is a well-known lecturer and author on economic subjects and an international authority on cooperation. His attitude is summed up in the following:

"I have been a cooperator all my life. I have investigated the cooperative movement here and in Europe. I have lectured on the subject for years; but I had got to the point where I hesitated to accept an engagement to lecture on cooperation because I knew that after I had told what cooperation has done abroad some one in the audience would be sure to ask: 'How can we start a successful cooperative store in our town?' Whereupon, knowing the history of cooperation in this country, I would feel obliged to discourage them from making the attempt. One can readily see that my apparent inconsistency was apt to arouse suspicion. I found it increasingly difficult to face the issue before an audience. Now, however, I feel that the New England Cooperative Society has solved the problem, and instead of dreading my lectures I look forward to them with pleasure."

There are approximately fifty independent cooperative associations of con-

## Cooperation on a Business Basis

(Concluded from page 8)



sumers in New England—or, rather, there were fifty in 1913. During the past few months these associations have united with the central organization at the rate of one each week. Before very long it became necessary to refuse further applications until an overworked force of store draftsmen, systemizers, and accountants caught up with the procession. Now operating in three different States a chain of thirteen cooperative stores doing an aggregate business of more than \$30,000 a week, the New England Cooperative Society has only to continue at its present pace, and by the year's end it will be operating fifty cooperative stores and conducting for thousands of consumers, who will be the owners, the largest cooperative enterprise in the United States.

The cooperative stores in this chain are buying goods at prices 10 per cent lower than they could obtain as separate units. This 10 per cent margin between small buying and big buying explains why a chain of cooperative stores will prosper where the same number of independent cooperative stores may fail. This is the first and perhaps the most important result of cooperation on a business basis. But the New England Cooperative Society does not intend to stop there.

### What Combination Does

PRODUCERS of food products in this country receive 35 per cent of retail prices. The railroads get 7 per cent; jobbers, commission men, wholesalers, and retailers divide the remaining 58 per



cent. Granting that it has already eliminated the wholesaler's profit, thereby saving 10 per cent of the 58, the New England Cooperative Society has set out to see what happens to 48 per cent still unaccounted for. By forming a more direct connection between producers and consumers, the society aims to divide a good portion of this 48 per cent between the two classes. A start has already been made. The society buys eggs, poultry, butter, and produce from an association of producers, the Bucksport Cooperative Society, which also operates a cooperative store.

The Bucksport Cooperative Market, which is the best equipped store in eastern Maine, is a collection depot for eggs, poultry, and produce. Cooperation gets the farmers better prices for what they have to sell, and it quotes lower prices for what they have to buy. And this, the central society contends, is as it should be. The farmer has had fully as much cause to complain about the low prices he has been compelled to accept



as the consumer has to complain about the high prices he has been compelled to pay.

Linking consumer and producer is a step forward, but the high cost of living may be reduced still further, according to the society's experts. Waste is still a national characteristic, they affirm. Correction is possible, but it will be a slow process. Those who are to point the way must learn all of the facts first. As a preliminary step the society has

prepared two syllabuses, one to be circulated among consumers and the other among producers.

Copies of the syllabus for consumers are being circulated by young women who are studying household economics at Simmons College. Copies of the syllabus for producers are going the rounds of rural Maine in the hands of Bowdoin students of political economy.

Undergraduates of both institutions regard the labor, which is unpaid, as a practical application of their studies. They are gathering valuable information which the society expects to tabulate and use in a practical way. The society wants to know if Mrs. Jones, who buys potatoes by the peck, would buy them in two-bushel bags, provided she had a cold cellar where potatoes would keep. The society wants to know if Farmer Jones would pack his apples in paraffin paper wrappers, provided he got a dollar more a barrel for them.

### How Profits Are Divided

EACH year our lawmakers turn out statutes intended to adjust differences between capital and labor. Labor's complaint usually is insufficient pay for the work performed. Capital's rejoinder usually is insufficient earnings to pay more. Cooperation seems to adjust compensation very simply. Employees of the New England Cooperative Society have a share in the profits. Each man's portion is based on his wages and the dividend paid on purchases at the store where he is employed.

Wages are counted equal to purchases in the apportionment. For example, a store has sold goods amounting to \$20,000 and paid \$1,000 for clerk hire during a half year. The central society reports that this store's earnings warrant a dividend of 5 per cent. The store's customers, who are the owners as well, would receive dividends amounting to \$1,000 and the store's employees would divide \$50. If either class, or both, felt dissatisfied, doubtless they would work hard to raise the dividend to 6 per cent for the next half year, the employees by checking small wastes perhaps, and the owners, who are customers, by demanding fewer deliveries possibly, or by interesting new members.

### Cooperation Rules Out Cheating

WHEREVER deceit or dishonesty is practiced, even in the least degree, cooperation does not obtain. A man or a store cannot cheat and cooperate at the same time. The New England Cooperative Society is applying this rule to the pure food question. The laboratory of a leading scientific school has been enlisted in the cause. Students of chemistry must analyze; why not benefit the consumer?

As fast as possible the society is getting analyses of all prepared foods handled in the chain of stores. Injurious preparations or foods that are not what the labels claim are removed from stock. No other course would be consistent. These stores are owned by their customers; a storekeeper does not supply his own table with inferior goods.

### The Approaching Conflict

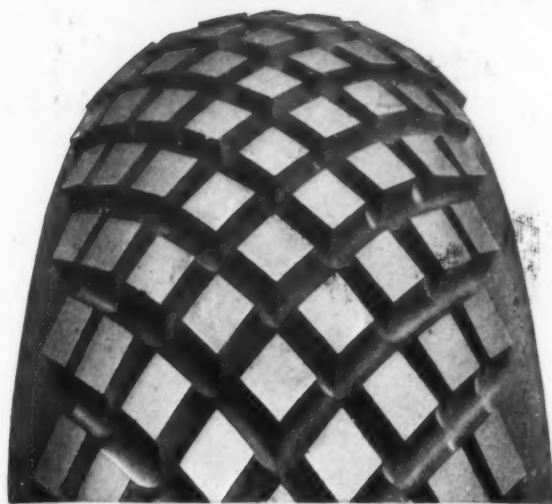
IT may be recalled that Patrick O'Toole threatened to start a price war should cooperation ever grow big enough to menace the profits of his two hundred stores.

There is ample evidence that merchants like Mr. O'Toole see such a menace in the New England Cooperative Society.

One chain-store head, who is less belligerent but more farsighted than Mr. O'Toole, frankly admits that cooperative storekeeping has come to stay. His chain of something over one hundred stores is on the market at a price equaling cost inventory of stock and fixtures. When he becomes willing to throw in the fixtures, the New England Cooperative Society hopes to be in a position to buy.

The conflict between commercialism and cooperation is approaching; it is inevitable. The officers of the New England Cooperative Society say that cooperation will be prepared for the struggle. "Commercialism," says Mr. Purington, "has one big gun—capital. Our financial artillery may be of a little smaller bore, but we have another tool of battle—publicity. The printed word makes people think, and thinkers make good cooperators."





## Note This All-Weather Tread

Note how flat and smooth and regular. It runs like a plain tread. Note what deep projections—they last thousands of miles.

Note the sharp edges and angles. They bite into slippery roads in every direction, giving resistless grip.

The tread is double-thick—long-enduring—difficult to puncture. It is toughened by a secret Goodyear process.

The blocks meet at the base, so strains are not centered. They are spread over the fabric, just as with smooth treads.

On every wheel, in every season, safety and trouble-saving call for this All-Weather tread.

# We Spend Millions

## On 4 Features Exclusive to No-Rim-Cut Tires

### This Costs \$450,000

The "On-Air" cure—used by us alone—adds to our tire cost \$450,000 yearly.

Each tire is final-cured on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. This to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

Each tire has six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires vulcanized into its base. That's our exclusive—our faultless—way to make a tire that can't rim-cut.

In each tire we form, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets to combat tread separation. We paid \$50,000 to control this patent.

And the All-Weather tread, described above, is an exclusive Goodyear feature.

### This Costs \$100,000

Our tests and experiments—seeking ways to better tires—cost us

\$100,000 yearly. Scores of experts are constantly working to add to Goodyear mileage. They build thousands of tires in thousands of ways for comparison.

You don't think—no man can think—that other men have found some way to build a better tire than we. Not while Goodyears, on sheer merit, outsell any other tire.

### Why Extra Prices?

Then why pay extra prices?

At least 16 makes now sell above the Goodyear prices. Some are one-third higher.

All lack the four great Goodyear features. They can't give better quality. Do you know one reason for that extra price?



### It Might Buy This

That extra third, if paid for Goodyears, would buy a half-inch wider tire. It would buy a 4-inch tire, for instance, where you use 3½-inch. And the 4-inch would fit your rim.

That extra half-inch adds 14 per cent to the tire size. It brings an extra ply of fabric and a thicker tread. It should add, on the average, 35 per cent to the tire service.

Or the price of three extra-price tires would buy you four of Goodyears. In either way you could spend that extra to buy one-third extra service.

The point is this: Tire worth is measured by low cost per mile, and one big factor is the price per tire.

Goodyear prices—due to mammoth output—start you on the bottom basis. And each exclusive Goodyear feature helps to lower mile-cost.

If you believe that, tell your dealer you must have Goodyear tires.

## THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

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The biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,000. Our production of 60,000 cars makes the new price of \$695 fully equipped (with 17 new features) possible.

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| 1—Pure-stream line body.                       | 12—Crown fenders with all rivets concealed.  |
| 2—Adjustable front seat.                       | 13—Head lights braced by rod running between lamps.  |
| 3—Sims high-tension magneto.                   | 14—Famous make of anti-skid tires on rear.   |
| 4—Three-quarter elliptic rear springs.         | 15—Gracefully rounded, double-shell radiator equipped with shock absorbing device.   |
| 5—Tire brackets on rear.                       | 16—Instrument board, carrying speedometer, carbureter adjustment and gasoline filler.  |
| 6—Spring tension fan.                          | 17—Improved steering gear; spark and throttle control on quadrant under steering wheel; electric horn button mounted on end of quadrant. |
| 7—Kingston carbureter.                         |  |
| 8—Clear Vision Wind Shield.                    |  |
| 9—Foot-rest for accelerator pedal.             |  |
| 10—Tail lights, with license bracket attached. |  |
| 11—Gasoline tank located under dash cowl.      |  |

Automobile experts have refused to believe that anyone could produce a full grown five passenger really beautiful fully equipped car—a car with real high tension magneto—a car with sliding gear transmission—left hand drive center control, a car with practically every high priced car feature for less than \$1,000.

Here it is. Here is a real automobile. Here is the easiest car to drive in the world—here is the greatest all around hill climbing car in the world. Here is an automobile to be really proud of.

With Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights \$55 Extra.

See this "Wonder Car" at the Maxwell dealer nearest you. Write at once for the beautiful 1915 Maxwell Catalog

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MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT, MICH.



## \$695

With Electric Self Starter and Electric Lights \$55 Extra





**24**